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NOTES OF THE WEEK

THERE never can have been a struggle in which more mistakes were made, more chances lost, than in the present coal stoppage. If war is a history of blunders, this has been a war to make history indeed! Had the fight been military instead of industrial, all the leaders on both sides would long ago have been shot or cashiered. This week the last chance was lost, the men emphatically refused the Government's offer of a national appeal tribunal, and presumably that offer, in accordance with the terms of the Prime Minister's communication to Mr. Cook, is now withdrawn. Miners are returning to the pits in increasing numbers—the "drift" has certainly become something more dynamic than a drift—and as we write the figure of men at work is given at nearly 200,000. But even that figure is a long way off the total of a million, and it may take many weeks yet before resumption is complete and the stoppage can properly be called over.

A great deal of dangerous nonsense is being written here and abroad about the possibility of

an Anglo-Italian *entente* to counteract the *rap-prochement* between France and Germany. In the English language there is not even a word which adequately describes the sort of understanding Sir Austen Chamberlain and Signor Mussolini are said to have reached during their conversation at Leghorn, and British politicians have so frequently urged Paris and Berlin to agree that they are not going to fly into a panic as soon as their advice is adopted. Nevertheless, we doubt the advisability of these yachting cruise conversations with the Italian Prime Minister. We cannot forget the serious crisis which resulted from Sir Austen's promise in Paris to support the Spanish claim to a permanent seat on the League Council. Meetings of this kind rouse suspicions abroad which do no good to Europe. If Mussolini wishes to discuss the situation with the British Foreign Secretary, he would be well advised to come to Geneva for this purpose, where discussions can be held without arousing suspicion elsewhere.

The "incidents" in the Rhineland are unfortunately rapidly dissipating the congenial atmosphere of Thoiry, and it would be idle to pretend that M. Poincaré is not beginning to

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pay considerable attention to foreign affairs. Those newspapers which support him are busily attacking M. Briand for his "weakness," and find in the Rhineland incidents further arguments in favour of a continued occupation of German territory. After Thoiry, Herr Stresemann expected the speedy evacuation of the Saar, to be followed almost immediately by the evacuation of the Rhineland Zones. M. Poincaré's Sunday speeches, although infinitely preferable to those he used to make during his previous Premiership, show that the German Foreign Minister's hopes are not likely to be fulfilled. Doubtless M. Briand will fight hard to keep his promises, for he stands to gain nothing by not doing so. But he has formidable opponents against him and very feeble support from the Radical Party, which is now too busy discussing whom it shall elect as its leader at its coming conference to worry about such unimportant affairs as the future of Franco-German relations.

M. Poincaré appears once more to have changed his mind, for he now proposes to ask the Chamber, when it reassembles in a month's time, immediately to ratify the debt agreements with Great Britain and the United States. This would appear to mean that he is abandoning the idea of periodical "revalorization" of the franc, and has come round to the view that stabilization and the foreign credits which should result from it are necessary. The British debt agreement will be ratified without difficulty, but M. Poincaré proposes to add some sort of safeguarding and transfer clause to the debt agreement with the United States. Can it be that Mr. Mellon, during his recent visit to Europe, gave assurances that this safeguarding clause, so strongly resisted in the past, will now be accepted by America? If so, the French Government is as lucky as the French people are unlucky. By inflation it has almost wiped out the National Debt at the expense of the French *rentier*, and by deflation it will obtain loans from abroad, though it may ruin French merchants who have captured foreign markets with the help of the low exchange.

There is no smoke without a fire, and we find it difficult to accept the assurances put forward by the Spanish Ambassador to the effect that the reports of further troubles in Spain are circulated by individuals "for the purpose of speculation principally in Spanish exchange." The warning about the acceptance of rumours emanating from towns on the frontier has probably some justification, since messages from Hendaye about Spain are just as likely to be inaccurate as are messages from Riga about Russia. But there is only one method of preventing the printing of such reports, and it is the abolition of the censorship beyond the Pyrenees. We have to be content with rumours from the frontier because nothing from the interior is allowed to reach us. Although General Primo de Rivera undoubtedly still retains much of his popularity, the disbanding of the artillery corps has left the army rest-

less, and the growing power of his political rival bodes ill for the continuance of the present regime.

The extent to which Russia is able to interfere in the affairs of other countries will depend on the outcome of the present quarrel between the leaders of Bolshevism. A few weeks ago it looked as though Stalin had succeeded in gaining complete control, but the impossible has happened, and those bitter rivals, Trotsky and Zinovieff, are said now to have decided to co-operate against him. As General Secretary of the Communist Party, Stalin may be strong enough to bring about complete extinction of his powerful rivals, but we can hardly believe that he will succeed in doing so without bloodshed. Several sections of the Communist Party have recommended the summoning of a special congress to deal severely with these rebels, but the General Secretary may well deem it advisable to seek to silence them by persuasion rather than by force.

A ministerial change is impending if the information is correct that Sir William Mitchell Thompson is to succeed Colonel Jackson at the Conservative Central Office. Sir William is at present Postmaster-General and presumably could not combine that post with the arduous work entailed at the Central Office. It now seems possible that Sir Herbert Blain will remain as Principal Agent. Colonel Jackson is likely to succeed Lord Lytton as Governor of Bengal, and it is suggested that he may be raised to the peerage on his own account, although he is heir to a peer.

This year's Church Congress has had an attendance considerably below the average, but what it has lacked in numbers it has more than made up in virility. Its discussions bore the stamp of reality. The Bishop of Liverpool—a man of courage and broad human sympathies—struck the right note in his presidential address and the high level was well maintained. Perhaps the most challenging paper was that read by Professor Barry, who spoke without compromise on the relationship between the Church and the life of every day. "We must bring back the power of religion into the world of affairs," he said. "The Churches as we know them are mainly devotional associations; they are not fellowships of life and work. We must rescue religion from this anæmic state or it will become merely pathological." These words coming from a priest prove that the Church itself is alive to its shortcomings. What Professor Barry said may offend many, but it carries conviction. It is probable that one of the chief factors which have alienated many thoughtful minds from institutional religion is its apparent aloofness from the problems that beset our day—industrial, scientific and the rest.

The facts behind Prince Feisal's inability to inaugurate the Mosque at Southfields are quite simple, despite the long-winded explanation to which the Imam resorted. The truth is that Sultan Ibn Saud was only at the eleventh hour made fully aware of the doctrines of the Ahmadis, who have built this mosque and remain its constructors. The Ahmadis believe that their spiritual leader was to all intents and purposes a prophet, and his revelations nothing short of the last edition of the Koran. But the Wahabis—the spiritualists of Nejd to which Sultan Ibn Saud, the present Custodian of the Holy Cities of Islam, belongs—owe religious allegiance only to the Koran and the Prophet Mohammed, and adhere firmly to the belief that the Koran is the last word of God and Mohammed the last prophet. For the representative of Sultan Ibn Saud to open a mosque dedicated to a different sect would have been tantamount to discrediting the doctrines of Nejd.

Last week we had the pleasant task of welcoming the hero of the Australian flight, and this week we can add to those remarks our congratulations to Sir Alan Cobham on the honour the King has since conferred upon him. His achievement is fitly rewarded. This seems the most proper bestowal of knighthood, in the true tradition of the order: we would rather see one knight created for tilting with the winds than any number for successful adventures in grocery. Unfortunately the public had scarcely had time to welcome Sir Alan before they received the grim news of the disaster to the French air liner last Saturday. Fire did its work so completely that no clue to the cause of the accident could be discovered among the wreckage, and the affair must remain a complete mystery. It is impossible to suggest a satisfactory reason why the aeroplane should catch fire in the tail, where there was no petrol tank. More adequate protection against fire clearly seems necessary. Such terrible accidents are unfortunate, apart from their death toll, in that they impair public confidence in aerial travel in a way that affects adversely even lines which have excellent records of immunity from disaster.

Some misunderstanding seems to have been occasioned by the announcement that a sum had been provided for the purchase of the series of chalk cliffs extending from Seaford Head to Beachy Head, which are known as the Seven Sisters, and are now threatened with building operations. It was apparently thought that by the provision of the initial £1,000 by way of deposit the danger had been averted. As a matter of fact, a sum of £13,000 is still required if the Seven Sisters are to be saved. No one who has seen that atrocity known as Peacehaven can view with equanimity the prospect of this lovely stretch of downland falling into the hands of the speculative builder. We hope that all who are concerned to preserve the amenities of the English country-side will support, if they are able, the fund that has been inaugurated for the retention of the Seven Sisters. Only a few weeks remain.

THE GREAT FAILURE

THE coal stoppage is not to end. It will lapse, and in the course of the next few weeks the miners will drift back to work on worse terms than they could have had six months ago without either a general strike or a coal stoppage. On the fateful night before the general strike began all that the miners were asked to agree to as a condition of negotiation was that there might have to be a reduction of wages. The Government was actively and successfully supporting the principle of national settlement, and the demand for the suspension of the Seven Hours Act, though it had been made, had not yet come to the forefront. Now the miners recognize that the rate of wages will have to be reduced, an eight hours day has been legalized, and the owners have successfully defied the Government's preference for a national settlement. Not only before the stoppage but frequently during its progress the miners' leaders have missed chances of a settlement on better terms than they will get. The best chance of all came during Mr. Baldwin's absence when Mr. Churchill was in charge. Had the miners co-operated in his policy wholeheartedly and without reserves, the resistance of the owners would have been swept away and the country would have insisted on a peace by negotiation and consent. This great chance, too, was thrown away to the manifest delight of the owners and their friends, the Government's final offer will be withdrawn, and the defeat of the miners will be absolute and unqualified.

We do not like to see any large body of Englishmen defeated to the point of humiliation and ridicule, but there seems no help for it now. The Archbishop of Canterbury has been defending the intervention of the bishops, but he is wrong in thinking that only the bishops protested against the view that there was nothing to be done but keep a ring for the combatants and let them fight it out. No party to any struggle started with so many friends as the miners. The sentiment of the country is always enlisted in advance in their support, and at the beginning of the struggle there was very little to choose between the Government and the Labour Party in the amount of sympathy extended towards them. It has all been dissipated by the sheer ineptitude of the miners' leaders, and the old fable of the Sibylline books has been exemplified half a dozen times over in the course of the dispute. Always the leaders have lumbered heavily in the rear of events, missing every opportunity and making offers too late which if made in time would have shortened the tribulation alike of their constituents, of the owners, and of the country. We speak from some bitter experience of our own. With the best of wills to help them, their leaders have made it impossible. For those who believe in the practical genius of the English, the history of the stoppage is six months' continuous humiliation.

We say nothing now of the material consequences of the stoppage, damaging as these are alike to the parties and to the country. But what has happened that should thwart our English

genius for compromise and adjustment, and drive common-sense to shipwreck on the rocks of a dismal logic? Why is the whole story so un-English and so conspicuously lacking in those qualities that have made our politics the admiration and envy of the world? There have been grave faults on the owners' side. Few sympathize with them or have been converted by their propaganda; there is a deep suspicion that the miners' case, if only it could be properly presented, is a better one than theirs; and no one accepts their diagnosis that all would be well if Governments abstained from interference and let economic facts "rip." There have been times in the dispute when public sympathy was ready to go over to the miners and would have done had they been able to throw an ounce of statesmanship into the balance. The weaker the owners' case seems, the greater the wonder that things should have come to their present pass and the profounder the conviction that something has gone radically wrong with the trade union movement.

What is it? As usual, there are two competitive explanations. There is the superficial explanation that the men have been badly led, just as on the larger scale of international politics nations are badly led into disastrous wars by conceited, secretive, and incompetent Foreign Offices. With how little wisdom, it is said, is this world governed, and why should we expect in the diplomacy of trade disputes wisdom that has often been so conspicuous by its absence in the Chancellories of Europe? But that explanation though it covers the facts does not meet this difficulty, that whereas the masses are ignorant of foreign affairs, in these domestic trade disputes they are both highly expert and keenly interested, and therefore presumably the more intolerant of unreal theories and practical incompetence. Why has the common-sense of the miners not asserted itself? Why have they tolerated the palpable absurdity in the last poll of a meeting of 2,000 men vetoing the Government's last offer in a district where already 15,000 men are at work? The answer that is sometimes given is that the men are not free, that there is intimidation, and that if only there were a secret ballot the real mind of the workers would show itself. Would it were as simple as that! If all that were necessary to prevent labour disputes in the future were a secret ballot which would give the real mind of the men a chance to declare itself, the thing could be easily remedied. Would, too, that it were quite so simple as those maintain who explain everything untoward by the theory of Bolshevik machination from Russia. The trouble is much more subtle.

It derives from what really was nothing more than a political pun, the most momentous in our history. When trade unionism (consisting then mainly of Liberals and Conservatives) was disgruntled by the Osborne judgments and wished to form a Parliamentary party independent of the older parties, up came the Socialist I.L.P. and said: "You wish to form an Independent Labour Party? We are the Independent Labour Party. Let us coalesce." And they did. Thus by a *double entente* of the phrase "Independent Labour Party" was the whole trade unionist movement annexed to Socialism. And not only

to one brand of Socialism, but to its subsequent varieties and developments. The extremists were not slow to see that what the moderate and temporizing Socialists had done to the trade union movement they could do too. All that was necessary was that, just as the Socialists were wide awake while the average trade unionist was dozing over the quarrels between the Liberal and Conservative faith to one or other of which he adhered, so the extremists should capture the offices and harness the immense unintelligent force of trade unionism in support of their political theories. As politicians in a difficulty are said to seek an escape in war, so these people used the labour unrest created by the war as an experimental ground for their ideas. Trade union organization and policy was no longer directed to secure the best terms for their members that economic conditions permitted; strikes became a test of political theories that might or might not be revolutionary in their objects, but bore little or no relation to economic facts. That is the explanation of the general strike. It is perfectly true that the mass of trade unionists were actuated merely by sentimental sympathy with the miners, but they were merely the lump. The yeast was supplied by the subversive ideas of a very small minority who had captured by their enthusiasm and assiduity a disproportionate number of strategical positions in the trade union movement. To a less extent the same yeast has been operative in the coal stoppage. Had it succeeded, the extremists would have declared themselves and claimed the credit. If it fails, they cease to urge their theories, become ordinary trade unionists, and proceed to exploit the prevailing discontent. Either way they hope to gain political profit.

That is the real trouble which we have to face. The malady to which all democratic institutions, including trade unions, are most incident is the tyranny of an organized minority over a disorganized majority. The extremists now are only trying to do what the moderate Socialists did before, when they clapped the red cap on a vast majority of working men trade unionists with Conservative or Liberal ideas; and just as the trade unionist moderates refused to resist the Socialists then, so the Socialist moderates refuse to fight their extremists now. It is largely because we make a diagnosis of the present troubles that many will think too grave and too logical to be true that we have missed no opportunity of urging moderate counsels during the course of the coal dispute and doubtless have alienated some friends in doing so. But it cannot be too clearly realized that the struggle is not for the brain of trade unionism, but for its unintelligent corpus. The brains of the movement have made their decision one way or the other, for moderate and economic or extreme and mainly political counsels. But the corpus can still be captured for either side and, as in Homer, the fight wages hottest round the inanimate body from which Pallas Athene and the bookmakers have carried away the spirit. That is why the present issue of the coal dispute, however satisfactory it may be to the coal owners, must cause profound uneasiness to serious political thinkers. For trade unionism, like patriotism, is largely an unmoral force. It says, "My class right or

wrong," as the average citizen in moments of crisis says, "My country right or wrong." It is this that gives the extremists their power, and this also that imposes on good Conservatives the duty of walking with extreme care lest they drive the trade union masses away from the counsels of prudence. Our opinion is that it is no use merely tinkering with the undoubted abuses of trade unionism. Unless we are prepared with drastic and radical reforms, and at the same time to demonstrate by a constructive policy our sympathy with the legitimate objects of trade unionism, we shall do more harm than good.

THE PROBLEMS OF SOUTH AFRICA

WITH the arrival of General Hertzog and the other members of the South African delegation to the Imperial Conference the complex ethnical problems of South Africa are brought nearer to a partly bewildered but, we fear, very largely indifferent British public. We are heartily glad that General Hertzog should be here. If there is ever to be a final and satisfactory settlement of the ancient and lately revived quarrel between British and Dutch interests in South Africa, it can be only through the agency of a Dutch leader. For the fundamental fact is that though the British in South Africa can be brought, in time, with tact, and after submission of ample evidence of good faith, to trust a Dutch statesman, nothing will ever make the Dutch trustful of a British Prime Minister of the Union. Rightly or wrongly, and we are not concerned to discuss the grounds for the belief, the great majority of the Dutch in South Africa suspect the most conciliatory of those statesmen, be they of British blood or merely imbued with the Imperial spirit, who appear to think of the Empire first and of South Africa second. The cry of the Dutch is for what is called the "sovereign independence" of South Africa. The term is vague, and without being unduly cynical we may assume that it suits many politicians to leave it in a mist. In the mouth of General Hertzog, to judge from his most recent and responsible utterances, it has a meaning to which few Englishmen in South Africa or here would take exception. "I shall proceed to the Imperial Conference," he said last month at Cape Town, "in the full conviction that in our relations with Great Britain and the other Dominions, as a Commonwealth of free nations, there lies the surest guarantee of our future welfare and prosperity." He seems now to hold that for full achievement of its aspirations, or, rather, of the aspirations of the Dutch, South Africa needs no more than the opportunities enjoyed by the other Dominions and already assured her by membership of the British Empire. If in earlier years he has used different language, if he still allows some of his colleagues and supporters to use it, we must remember the difficulties of the position of a Nationalist leader.

We here, who view the race problems of South Africa from a great distance, should not allow ourselves to be led into impatient partisanship. We should recognize the probability that too marked a change in General Hertzog's attitude

would result in the secession of many of his Dutch followers, and create a position far more unfavourable to British and Imperial interests than that which exists. That General Hertzog should have been sobered by the responsibility of office, attained after a struggle extending over twelve years, is a matter for congratulation. Were he to be converted into a statesman barely distinguishable, as regards his attitude to the Empire, from General Smuts, he would cease to be an alternative leader, and the direction of South African policy would pass, probably at once, certainly before very long, to a politician far more hostile. That which we ought to desire is, no violent and unlikely change in the attitude of General Hertzog, but the dissemination among his followers of a very simple and hitherto neglected truth. They, or the extremer of them, protest that the "sovereign independence" of South Africa is most seriously limited by the Union's relation to Great Britain. To assure them that, in practice, it is not is to waste breath: the belief is lodged where logic cannot reach. But it may be, and should be, pointed out to them that, for that matter, Great Britain's "sovereign independence" is conditioned by her relations with the Dominions.

South Africa, of all Dominions, should be alive to that truth, for Great Britain, with a peculiar obligation towards India as still her ward, though progressing or stepping into self-government, has never been able to secure for the Indians resident there what they regard as their rights, and has steadily abstained from employing the methods by which Indian Nationalists have thought South Africa would be made to suffer in reprisal. The Indian question in South Africa is immensely important to South Africa, to India, to the Empire. As Mrs. Millia reminds us in her excellent and singularly impartial book, 'The South Africans,' published by Messrs. Constable, it is not only the Dutch Nationalists but virtually all white dwellers in South Africa who object to the smallest concession to the Indian, whom they would wholly exclude. In the Orange Free State, where the old laws still prohibit trade by "Asiatics and other coloured persons," there are no more than 400 Indians; in the Cape, which is tolerant, but offers few opportunities, there are 8,000; in the Transvaal there are 17,000; and in Natal, which has had exceptional need of Indian labour, there are 145,000. The Indian Nationalist contention that there is such a thing as "citizenship of the Empire," entitling every British subject to admission into every part of the British Empire, was critically examined by us some three years ago, when we showed that "citizenship of the Empire," however convenient as a phrase for perorations at banquets to delegates from the Dominions, had no legal meaning, and that the sole right conferred by the bare fact of British allegiance is that of defence against injury by a *foreigner*. Indians since then have moderated their claims, and we are happy to learn that a South African delegation, now visiting India, has been received with courtesy by other than officials. Difficult as the question at issue is, we may hope for a settlement which, safeguarding South Africa, which quite reasonably objects to underselling by Indian traders, will more or less satisfy the sensitive pride of Nationalist India.

The problem of the Asiatic immigrant, however, is trivial compared with the problem of the indigenous black. As Mrs. Millia points out in the book to which we have already referred, and which we commend to the attention of all interested in South Africa, the British in South Africa have infected the Dutch with the idea of class (though not political) distinctions between whites, but the Dutch have infected the British with the idea of the hopeless inferiority of all coloured persons whatsoever. That there is a good deal of excuse for this attitude towards the South African natives can hardly be denied. The error is in sweeping generalizations which lump all natives together. Natives are not merely natives: they differ widely in character, in adaptability to their present conditions, in their national circumstances. Yet the plea that there should be differentiation cannot tell with people who, on the spot, are conscious of the overwhelming numerical superiority of the natives, and of the menace to their dream of a white South Africa, of a South Africa directed by men and women of European origin. South Africa had its chance more than two centuries ago, when von Imhoff, almost alone, saw the danger of the choice it made. "Having imported slaves, every common European becomes a gentleman." Yes; the problem of South Africa is partly that of the black man lured to labour which he loathes, partly that of the poor white man who cannot do menial work. Over all is the problem of South Africa's relation to the Empire, a relation which must be defined, but with such tact that it will not wound Dutch susceptibilities. We count it fortunate that the onus of definition is on General Hertzog, not on a British or supposedly pro-British politician. It is for those whom he will meet here to show him that no one in his senses regards South Africa as a mere appendage to Great Britain, and that for every restriction which membership of the Empire places on South Africa there is a corresponding restriction on the freedom of British policy.

THE DARKER SIDE OF NEW YORK

[FROM OUR CORRESPONDENT IN NEW YORK]

YOU board the up-town sub-way at Times Square, and your fellow passengers are white, the polyglot mixture of Armenians, Greeks, and Irish, who along with Americans make up New York's human medley. Still, for courtesy, their red, livid, and yellow skins must all be called white. You are hustled noisily up-town, and as you draw towards Eighty-sixth Street negro faces come in and assert themselves, until finally by the stops at the one hundred and twenties the whites are almost in a minority, pallid on a background of brown and black. At One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street the dark element rises and leaves as if the train were a thing diseased. You have reached Harlem, the negro city, which lies in the middle of New York. Here, surrounded on all sides by the dwellings of white people, lies the cultural capital of the black man; its lure is known from Georgia to Seattle and its fame is said to have extended even to Africa. Within Harlem some two hundred thousand negroes live in a society of their own; the black man who may not dare to order a "three-layer sandwich" on Broadway can

swagger into a café here among his own people and lord it like a white man.

I had expected to find Harlem a huddled slum, full of narrow streets and bad smells, a wren on the edge of the western community like the native quarter of some oriental town. But Harlem has nothing of that; it is as handsome a quarter of New York as one could wish, with magnificently broad roads, new apartment houses, drug stores and gasoline stations—all the paraphernalia of civilization. And Harlem appeals to every type of dark man, from the stockyard slaughterer to the real-estate millionaire. You can find, near One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, the little negro café to which Pullman porters gather from every State in the Union, and near by are the churches where dark faces worship the vision of a black Madonna with a black baby in her arms. At night Harlem lights up with a noise and colour almost oriental in suggestion. In the more exclusive cabarets, usually Greek or Semitic in proprietorship, black forms fling themselves round to the strains of syncopated music with an utter abandon to rhythm. After midnight a few actors and actresses from Broadway, along with a group or two of revellers, may come in to add a white touch. At times the negro is sensitive about this intrusion, though usually he is not a little flattered that the white man has to seek in Harlem for a gaiety which the white man's quarters cannot supply. Within the Harlem community the negro has developed his own standards of social exclusiveness, and these, strangely enough, are based on colour. The socially élite are often the "high-browns" in the mulattos, and the delicate chocolate skins which fade away to a tan that is almost white constitute Harlem's "upper-ten." Nor is Harlem unaware of the exotic attraction which the negro is exercising over the American literary world. The salons of Greenwich Village have for some time regarded the negro as an essential element of the bizarre in any social or literary coterie, while ever since Paul Robeson, the negro actor, captured the American playgoer in Eugene O'Neill's 'Emperor Jones,' the darker side of New York has continued to attract Broadway. At the moment Mr. Edward Sheldon is crowding the Belasco Theatre in New York with his 'Lulu Belle,' the story of a little mulatto girl who exploits the hearts of kings. Even Mr. Carl Van Vechten, the modernist fiction writer, has, in 'Nigger Heaven,' turned to Harlem for a last sensation to keep his blasé spirit from the nausea of complete boredom.

Meanwhile, behind all this attention, Harlem develops unobtrusively and independently its own cultural life. The negroes of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' and of the spirituals are a mere sentimental illusion when compared with the modern highly educated product of Harlem. The younger group has produced poems, novels, and drama, as well as painting and sculpture, and at times there glares through the compositions a resentment of past neglect and oppression. Countée Cullen, one of the most outspoken of the negro poets, suggests much of their mood and method in his poem, 'To a Brown Boy.'

That brown girl's swagger gives a twitch
To beauty like a queen;
Lad, never dam your body's itch
When loveliness is seen.

For there is ample room for bliss
In pride in clean, brown limbs,
And lips know better how to kiss
Than how to raise white hymns.

And when your body's death gives birth
To soil for spring to crown,
Men will not ask if that rare earth
Was white flesh once, or brown.

This poem has been reprinted in a recent anthology of negro work edited by Alain Locke and entitled 'The New Negro.' It is from such a volume in which negro work in fiction, poetry, drama and de-

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sign is massed together that one can appreciate the very considerable achievement which they have attained in recent years. Twenty years ago the negro was still the pseudo-emancipated "uncle" and "mammie" of the Southern cotton plantation. He was concentrated in one area, under one set of conditions; comparatively he was a simple problem. But the war and the aftermath of war brought such an upheaval into American labour conditions that the negro was able to migrate all over the States. In the great years of American post-war prosperity continual train-loads of negroes could be seen with their slim tin-trunks moving North to new homes and new adventure. Many of them will never return South; the black stream has spread itself over the whole country. The restrictions on foreign immigration tended again to enhance the value of negro labour, and, strange though it may appear, when America checked the alien from outside her shores she strengthened this tide of internal migration in the black tenth of her population. One American authority has gone as far as to suggest that this was one of the most considerable race shifts caused by the war.

What race adjustments the new negro will necessitate yet remains for the sociologists and the other arbiters of human destiny to decide. Harlem, with its two hundred thousand negroes owning some sixty million dollars' worth of good New York property, cannot always remain as a curiosity to the tourist and a source of titillation for the New York high-brow. At the moment America seems to regard industrial prosperity as a solution for all its problems, but should a depression come, America's black tenth would form an acute problem. The negro is a cheaper commodity in the labour market than the white man, and consequently he is a potential strike-breaker. The educated negro in Harlem hopes to give the negroes a race respect of their own, so that they may develop peacefully but independently by the side of the white man, but there are among them certain elements which murmur at times darkly of aggression. Possibly the most hopeful sign at the moment lies in the joint work of a group of white men and of negroes who are attempting to explore the economic and social adjustments that must be made if ultimate conflict is to be avoided.

LORD OXFORD'S MEMORIES

BY HERBERT SIDEBOTHAM

IT is perhaps necessary to say that Lord Oxford's latest book* is not a piece of book-making, for at sight it looks very much like it. It begins some twenty years before Lord Oxford entered Parliament and it stops short of the war; it says nothing tart about anyone except every now and then about a dead Tory; you have to search to find Mr. Lloyd George's name, and when you have found it the references are coldly neutral; there are few, if any, facts that were not perfectly well known already, and certainly no new theories or generalizations; it is reserved just where you would like it to be full, as for example about the author's Liberal League days or about his real opinions on Mr. Lloyd George's celebrated Budget. Let no one read this book then for indiscretions or for confirmation in a political gospel. And yet when all these deductions have been made it is a book that few will begin to read without reading to the end. For despite its reserve and the rare unobtrusiveness of the first personal pronoun, it is completely and wholly Asquithian. The substance of the book is sometimes thin

and elusive, but the manner has charm and the composition is perfect.

Lord Oxford first became a Member of Parliament in 1886, about half-way through the first volume of these memories, but though in the first twenty out of the fifty years of the title he was not in Parliament, these early years are in some ways the most skilfully done of all and he really illuminates their personality and their forgotten controversies. Lord Oxford, his political bias allowed for, is a perfect *précis*-writer of politics and he can sketch a character too in a few rapid strokes. His Lowe, and his Cardwell are particularly good, and if the praise of Disraeli is qualified he pays him the compliment of frequent quotation. To Gladstone he is critically reverential, but he surprisingly credits him with humour, shrewd judgment of men, and even (what would never have been suspected) with some admiration of Disraeli. At any rate Lord Oxford quotes some new table talk in which Gladstone says that Disraeli was the most courageous man he ever knew. Lord Oxford has some interesting things to say of Parnell, "a man whose mind was a strange compound of insight and obtuseness, one might almost say of genius and stupidity; who saw at intervals things which other people did not see, but was apt to be inconceivably blind to things which almost everyone else saw." He is one of Parnell's admirers and he quotes a conversation with Morley in which they both agreed that he was infamously treated by his own tail in Committee Room 15. But what alternative had his followers after Gladstone's letter? Lord Oxford was pro-Parnellite and at the time of the O'Shea divorce shocked some of his friends by confessing that if he had been an Irish member he should have stood by Parnell as John Redmond did. Would that he had let himself go on this topic in the book.

As Lord Oxford approaches more modern politics, his recollections become more and more a summary of events and the personal touches and the expressions of an independent judgment of his own become fewer. He could have revealed so much of events and of himself without damaging either himself or his party by indiscretions. This reserve is characteristic of his loyalty to party, but it is carried to excess and takes away much of the interest of the second half of his book. You get from the book the impression of a man much more interested in the form than in the substance of politics. By nature he must be a man of much candour, but just when he has carried you to a point at which you think that he must now express a decided view about the real issues of politics, he shuts up like an oyster. He is never an embittered partisan, but much of the second volume is so discreet that it might well have come from the pages of the Liberal magazine.

Lord Oxford is a master of the art of quotation and not the least of the charm of his book is due to that. He loves Parliamentary rhetoric and you could compile from this book an anthology of some of the most memorable sentences spoken in Parliament in his time. Especially does he love to quote when there is a classical allusion. Probably it is because it contains four whole lines from the second *Æneid* on the wooden horse that he quotes from Robert Lowe's celebrated attack on the Liberal Reform Bill of 1866. In a truer Parliamentary manner is Disraeli's attack on Lowe, made a few years later:

He is a learned man though he despises history. He can chop logic like Dean Aldrich, but what is more remarkable than his learning and his logic which particularizes him? There is nothing that he likes and almost everything that he hates. He hates the working classes of England. He hates the Roman Catholics of Ireland. He hates the Protestants of Ireland. He hates Her Majesty's Ministers. And until Mr. Gladstone placed his hand upon the ark, he almost seemed to hate the right hon. gentleman.

Less familiar perhaps than either of these passages is that letter which Lowe wrote to his brother after he had been "kicked upstairs" as Lord Sherbrooke.

* 'Fifty Years of Parliament.' By the Earl of Oxford and Asquith. Cassell. 2 vols. £2 10s.

I have got into the company of the four neuter verbs of the Latin grammar:

Vapulo: I am beaten.
Veneo: I am sold.
Exulo: I am banished.
Fio: I am done.

Lord Oxford seems to appreciate the passage. Incidentally it may be noted that he seems to go out of his way to recall the passage in Lord Morley's recollections in which he reveals the fact that it was he who asked Mr. Asquith to make him a peer. Is he replying inferentially to the criticism of his own peerage that came from his own party? One has always understood that Lord Oxford's peerage was given on the King's own initiative.

The book has two interesting appendices. One on Offices and Pensions (in which he quotes extensively from his own evidence before the Committee on Ministers' Salaries) draws attention to the scandalously low payment of the Prime Minister. Pitt made £10,000 a year from his offices and had no vices, unless port be accounted one; but he died heavily in debt and one understands from Lord Oxford that Pitt proposed to go back to practice on the Western Circuit if he had lost office. Another appendix deals with some of the famous political catchwords of the last two generations, "unmuzzled," "Cave of Adullam," "a leap in the dark," "bag and baggage," and a score of others, including "Wait and see," which Lord Oxford amusingly traces back to Napoleon. Among the catchwords is Lord Salisbury's prescription of twenty years of resolute government as a cure for Ireland's troubles. Lord Oxford early in his book quotes a curious observation of Lord Parnell on coercion. Parnell told Mr. Asquith in the course of a conversation, when he was his counsel before the Judicial Commission, that it was a great mistake to suppose that Ireland could not be governed by coercion. When Mr. Asquith expressed surprise and said that it had been proved to be impossible, Parnell's reply was that it was not impossible in itself but only because under the party system neither party could be trusted to make the policy continuous.

THE SCRAP SCREEN

By J. B. PRIESTLEY

THE other week, rummaging in a second-hand shop in a small country town, I came upon one of those old-fashioned screens that look like an immense scrap-book, having dozens and dozens of little coloured pictures pasted on them. It was one of the largest I had ever seen: five feet high, with four generous folds, rounded at the top and all strongly framed in wood; and I was told I could have it for a sum that would hardly buy a few seats at the latest musical comedy. It stands now in my bedroom, at no great distance from my pillow, so that it is the last thing I see at night, during that little space between closing my book and turning out the light, and it is the first thing I see in the morning, when its pictured surface comes through the thinning mists of sleep and dream just as the glittering Rhine and the dragon's lair used to come through the melting curtain of steam at Bayreuth. Thus bidding me good-night and good-morning, this screen seems already like an old friend. Possibly I do not see it now as a stranger would see it. No doubt such things are monuments of bad taste, survivals from an era when the flamboyant and the gimcrack commanded our drawing-rooms. The persons who

created these screens, who snipped away at picture books and Christmas annuals and pasted and gummed until there was not an inch of honest wood to be seen, were doubtless a long way beyond the æsthetic pale. When it was first made, when all the pictures were new and bright and the scenes and personages they depicted were contemporary and had no charm of things long faded or lost, this screen of mine must have been singularly hideous. Its pictures are all framed in festoons of flowers, of the kind we associate with crackers and cigar-boxes, and sixty or seventy years ago those festoons, flaunting it up and down and across forty square feet, must have been a horror.

But Time, so merciless in its traffic with the beautiful and the sublime, has a trick of dealing gently with such little horrors. What was an offence to the more sensitive spectators of its own generation frequently becomes quaint and lovable by the mere passage of the years. It may well be—though only by an effort of the imagination can we realize the fact—that in those very picture-shops and bookstalls that I pass by with a shudder there are things that my great-grandchildren will hoard as treasures and brood over with a delighted tenderness. Is there not one of them, full of a lettered wistfulness and fine phrases, sitting down somewhere in futurity to write his charming essay: *On an Old Copy of Nash's Magazine*? Time has been more than kind to my screen. The varnish so liberally spread over its surface has now yellowed it and the hideous patchwork of bright hard colour has vanished long ago. Seen through half-closed eyes or at a distance, its four folds seem all of one shade, a faintly mottled old gold. The festoons, the scenes, the figures, all are subdued by the mellowing varnish and harmonized as if they were an autumnal landscape. No single coloured scrap catches the eye, which wanders smoothly from scene to scene, yellowing fold to fold. Yet the screen is not really faded, and most fortunately its true character is there, underneath. You can see the original bright colours, the scarlet uniforms, the pale blue crinolines, the metallic green lawns, beneath the rich October glaze, and as you stare at one little picture after another their hues return, they become clearer and brighter, just as certain incidents begin to shape themselves for us again after we have spent some time looking back through the haze of memory.

Thus this screen, so subdued and unified on the surface and yet with all its separate gaily-coloured events so definitely marked beneath that surface, might easily pass as an image of an old man's memory. Is there not a whole life, a whole world, captured in its absurd pasted scraps? True, it is no life, no world, known to you and me, and probably it cannot be accepted as an accurate reflection of a lost age, being born of the casual ransacking of picture books and annuals. Its mode is antiquated. Examined closely, these tiny pictures that our grandmothers delighted in become droll and, here and there perhaps, pathetic simply because they begin to recede from us, their incidents, their figures, their very drawing and colouring, all belonging to a world that has vanished. Yet in those few moments, just before turning out my light or on waking in the morning, when my eyes fall dreamily on the

screen, it appears to spread life out before me, decorating it quaintly indeed and festooning its peepshow scenes, so many little chapters, with impossible flowers, yet suggesting to me an epitome of our records. Here may be found love and war, children at play, girls flirting, men riding horses, feasts and graves and mountains shining in the sun. When I am on the borders of sleep, it has strange meanings for me, meanings that are lost when I sit down before it, as I am doing now, in sober daylight. Yet even now it is at least charming.

Here is a grey-whiskered old gentleman, not unlike Wordsworth, reproving a shepherd boy in a smock frock. Above, is a very demure young lady, in a crinoline, who is feeding a bird. All the young ladies here—and there are a great many—are either fair and pensive or dark and saucy. The fair ones are all either feeding birds or looking at birds or holding birds in front of their mouths, and would seem to be altogether too sensitive and pure to have anything to do with the rest of humanity. Some of them, it is obvious, are going into a decline. Not so the dark girls, who have roguish curls and shapes and all manner of lost feminine attractions, and who peep out of the screen in the most irresistible fashion. Not a few of them have saucy little hats, much beribboned, perched on top of their heads and a little, a provocative little, to one side. My three favourites are, first, the one with the scarlet pork-pie cap and short scarlet coat trimmed with fur and a white muff, who is skating so gracefully; then the Italian one in yellow silk and with a red rose among her raven curls, who is glancing at a note that obviously hints at an assignation; and last but not best of all, the gay little *vivandière* dressed in a white tunic with blue facings and a short red and blue skirt, with a tiny white apron that is coquetry itself. You should see her diminutive three-cornered hat, her pretty gaitered legs, and the smile on her face as she holds up a bottle and a glass so invitingly. There is not a corporal in her regiment who does not adore her, and every time my eyes fall upon her four inches of feminine grace and caprice I, too, turn corporal. If the three bearded young men in red jerseys, top boots, and white hats, who are drinking in a rather operatic manner outside the little restaurant on the quay-side, could see my *vivandière*, what a nodding and smiling and sighing and raising of glasses there would be! But they are on another fold of the screen and—alas!—must always face the other way.

We must hurry past the whiskered huntsmen, the little girl making soup, the four jockeys, the jolly Tyrolean lifting his sweetheart over a rock, the old men in silk stockings playing cards, the Caliph sipping his sherbet, the anglers and Arabs and shepherd lads, the birds and dogs and kittens, the coaches and ships that will never arrive yet will never stop, the queer feathery woods and dingy deserts and lakes of copper sulphate, hurry past them all so that we may see the soldiers. There, next to the children's party, you see a battle in progress, but what battle it is we shall never know. There are dark rows of tiny men moving stiffly over a plain where there are countless bursting shells, none the less deadly because at this distance they look like pear-shaped masses of cotton-wool. We do not know

what it is all about, but perhaps some of those tiny men know what it is all about. On the next fold of the screen another battle is just beginning. The general is there and his staff, and all have immense beards and flat caps, but the general, who is holding out his right arm as a signal for twenty thousand more men to move forward, has the largest beard and the flattest cap. The background is dark with massed troops. We can guess what these gallant fellows are fighting for; they are fighting for God and the right and justice and honour and flat caps as against caps of a different shape. At the next fold of the screen we arrive at the end of a campaign, just in time to see the soldiers marching through some unknown city in a triumphant home-coming. In front, gentlemen are waving their tall hats and ladies are fluttering their handkerchiefs. The troops, all magnificently helmeted and bearded, march proudly on to the sound of six trombones, which are there, in all the glory of gamboge, in the very centre of the picture. They are marching past the emperor or the king or the president, and all his generals, who are sitting stiffly on their horses at the back and are contriving to look stern but noble, although they are only half-an-inch high. The buildings behind are large and dignified, and are apparently made of cheese. This is probably the city's proudest day, and now it will last as long as the screen. Right and justice having prevailed, the six trombones, silent to our ears but deafening no doubt to the old man cutting bracken in the picture above, are now for ever raised in triumph.

THE THEATRE HAUNTED HOUSES

BY IVOR BROWN

Berkeley Square. By John L. Balderston in Collaboration with J. C. Squire. St. Martin's Theatre.
Rosmersholm. By Henrik Ibsen. English version by R. Farquharson Sharp. The Kingsway Theatre.

THE doctrine that Time is like a rolling stream and bears all its sons away is of a simple order uncongenial both to science and to spookery. I make no pretence of understanding the works of Einstein, and I take it on Mr. Balderston's authority that the learned German believes time to be no stretched tape but piled up in layers. In this view the centuries, instead of resembling the river in the hymn, are more like a block of flats or a great department store. Young Peter Standish, in this play, is one of those capable of getting from layer to layer or flat to flat. It was as if he was being whisked up and down in the store lift, while Mr. Balderston announced, "Third Floor. Seventeen-eighties. Doctor Johnson. Gainsborough. Silks, Bucks, and Blades. No, sir, no soap on this floor. That will be on the ground level. Here we are, sir. Nineteen-twenties. Soaps and all modern conveniences."

But it was not, after all, so very convenient for Mr. Standish to discover that he could, in this Queen Anne house of his in Berkeley Square, achieve a two-eyed stance with regard to the centuries. He had all the elements of a comfortable, companioned life. He was a young American with the riches of his country to support the pleasures of a mansion in Mayfair and he was to marry the nice Miss Frant. But he had "a sense of the past" to the extent outlined in the posthumous fragment of that name by Henry James. He could not settle down on the ground floor. He had to

take the lift for the seventeen-eighties and become a new Peter Standish with one leg in a silk stocking and the other not finally detached from trousers.

Naturally he mystified that Gainsborough world, for though he tried to be still the young man from America he kept betraying himself by showing that he knew the future. They took him for a devil, all except Helen Pettigrew, who had the gift of looking forward as he had the gift of looking backward. They could join hands and hearts across the centuries, but that was a rash thing to do, because at any moment the lift might move on again and take Peter back to his ground level. And so it did, with the result that he no longer cared for Miss Frant and sat by the fire with a burden of memories, thinking of his eighteenth-century Helen.

The authors of this play have shown a somewhat weak and watery faith in their theory of time. If relativity really permits man to regard the past as the present and to pass from one flat to another, then plainly this is the greatest dramatic theme of all time, in which are contained the entire mysteries of life and death. If Peter Standish could, with Einstein's aid, vanish for twenty minutes from the jazz age in order to sit to Gainsborough, why might he not as easily sup with the devil or eavesdrop upon the purposes of God? If the dramatists had really believed in chronological translations of this order, they should have made more of their terrific subject than a few jokes about soap and Voltaire and a little tale of melting hearts. But of course they do not really believe in Einstein, and the producer actually helps relativity out by resort to abracadabra. When Peter is making his cross-century journeys, the lights have a habit of fusing, and there is general display of crook-drama "atmospherics," shadows on the wall, and similar wonderments. The house in Berkeley Square might have been a Temple of Relativity; or it might have been the ordinary spookish abode of the play that seeks to thrill. But it cannot decently be both at once. My general impression was of a love-story between a "fey" young man of the nineteen-twenties, gifted with a backward glance and a "fey" young woman of the seventeen-eighties, gifted with a forward vision. "Fey" folk being naturally much duller than ordinary earners of bread and butter and the supernatural always inferior in interest to the natural, I preferred the trimmings to the theme. The trimmings, for which I assume Mr. Squire to be mainly responsible, were some amusing comments on eighteenth-century life and letters. But the general theme of love at once made possible and made futile by the mingling centuries is certainly far more agreeable in its "Berkeley Square" form than it would have been had Sir James Barrie got mawkishly to work upon it. One trembles to think what saccharine essence would not have been squeezed out of poor Einstein if the author of 'Mary Rose' and 'Quality Street' had been in charge. We have had an escape indeed.

Assuming that the play had to be made eerie instead of rational, Mr. Frank Birch's production had some ingenuity, but his habit of lining up the characters in the very fore-front of the stage as though they were a glee-party, was queerly ineffective. Mr. Laurence Anderson and Miss Jean Forbes-Robertson act the lovers with a magnificent sense of ghostly exaltation and the eighteenth-century scene is admirably filled by Miss Beatrice Wilson, Mr. Brian Gilmour, and Mr. Ivor Barnard. Miss Grizelda Harvey speaks for the nineteen-twenties with a fine certainty of touch, but I hope that American Ambassadors do not usually wear the pompous benignity portrayed by Mr. Fisher White.

Rosmer's home was a gaunt and ghosted mansion; and Ibsen's play is itself a mansion of many corridors up which one may wander in exploratory mood. Some of the passages lead into chambers that are forlorn, others guide us into rooms with a view. That people cannot be improved from without is half a platitude

and half a falsehood, and the value of the play certainly does not lie in its ability to point this dubious moral but in the power of the actors to adorn the tale. Miss Edith Evans made the part of Rebecca West very much her own. She did not so much realize the young rebel as project her in a size far larger than life and with an intensity that shrivelled up the attempted naturalism of the production. Her force was emphasized by the quietude with which Mr. Charles Carson played Rosmer. That Rosmer was a pudding-head, let us admit; he could not smile and his efforts at thinking for himself were not remarkable. None the less one may surely see in him a kind of nervous unrest which Mr. Carson did not; for the actor presented him as a most placid and eupeptic duffer. Thus Miss Evans, fairly revelling in the spiritual triumphs and torments of Rebecca, kept wrenching the play up to a different theatrical level and doing it with a display of passionate brain-work such as no other actress of the day could give. But the producer, having rightly given Miss Evans her freedom to pour out her genius unrestrained, should have abandoned his effort to make the production realistic. For Rosmersholm is not to be Anglicized by calling Kroll Crowley or sending Rosmer to an English tailor. The thing simply will not work as an English country-house piece of to-day. It is sonorous with ideas that are of the 'eighties and with others that are of all time. Why, therefore, pretend that we are somewhere in England in 1926? I may add that the play is immensely worth seeing and not for the sake of Miss Evans alone. Mr. Rupert Harvey and Miss Muriel Ake give admirable performances from their respective corners of the haunted house. Smart young people now amuse themselves with jokes about "Daddy Ibsen," just as if he were Wordsworth. The recent revivals all show that one wave of the old man's whiskers is more potent than a hundred of the pert little hurricanes that blow about the modern vortex.

ART

SEVEN EXHIBITIONS

BY ANTHONY BERTRAM

Contemporary English Water-Colour Society. St. George's Gallery, 32a George Street, Hanover Square.

Etchings and Drypoints by Arthur Briscoe. Lefèvre Galleries, 1a King Street, St. James's.

Oils by A. D. Peppercorn. Leicester Galleries, Leicester Square. *Modern Etchings.* Beaux Arts Gallery, Bruton Place, Bond Street.

Pictures by Pauline Konody and M. F. de Montmorency. Brook Street Art Galleries, 14 Brook Street.

Works by British and Foreign Artists. French Gallery, 120 Pall Mall.

Oils by H. H. Newton. Alpine Club Gallery, Mill Street, Conduit Street.

THE most remarkable characteristic of all these exhibitions is the number of unknown or little-known artists to whose work they introduce us. There are three, for example, at the St. George's Gallery, showing two water-colours each. I have never before seen a water-colour by Mr. Eric Ravillious, though I have already enjoyed some of his wood-cuts, notably the illustrations to Mr. Martin Armstrong's novel, 'Desert.' One of his works, 'The Hidden Path,' has a curious attraction. As near as I can get to it, it is like the pull of things vividly remembered from childhood, though where exactly this effect lies I do not know. The scene is somehow made remote, and impregnated with a reflective mood.

Another painter of great promise is Mr. Douglas Percy Bliss, but again I very much prefer one of his pictures to the other. It is 'Midlothian Croft.' Mr. Bliss has adopted a simplified, almost poster technique, but into this picture he has poured so charming and elusive a sentiment that there is nothing "clever" or

shallow about it. The third painter is Mr. Edward Bawden, both of whose works are excellent. One may regret, perhaps, the slightly Nash-like approach, but it is not sufficiently pronounced to mar the originality of Mr. Bawden's vision. In 'Moonlight, Black Notley,' for example, instead of being conventionally interested in the play and romance of moonlight, he has concentrated on what happens to shapes under its influence. The picture is a little masterpiece of direct statement in a manner forced out by the subject. There is a characteristic shuttered calm about Mr. Norman Jones's 'Place St. Sauveur, Caen,' and a queer, ghoulis quality in Mr. Job Nixon's 'Ghent.' The better-known artists in this exhibition show some admirable work. I like both Mr. Henry Rushberry's water-colours and both Mr. Frank C. Medworth's. Mr. Frank Dobson's drawing is what we expect, an example of true modelling and profound plastic vision, and Mr. John Nash surpasses his own high standard with 'Houses by the Lock, Bath,' a fine achievement of sure relations and serious colour.

Mr. Arthur Briscoe is not, of course, a newcomer, but I do not believe there has yet been an exhibition of his etchings. It is a revelation. Nobody, perhaps, has captured the spirit of life at sea with so much truth and vigour. No theory that the subject does not matter in art can stand up against these overpowering etchings. I use the word "overpowering" deliberately. I should have liked to give a whole article to Mr. Briscoe's work. This must be said to regulate enthusiasm, that Mr. Briscoe is not original in manner; he is a frank disciple of Mr. McBey. His originality lies in his peopling the seas; not looking at ships and water objectively, but living into them; being, in fact, the etching counterpart of Conrad and Marryat and Melville.

The work of the late Mr. A. D. Peppercorn is a striking contrast in mood. His landscapes, which have a remarkable unity of feeling, display no joy, no vigour or force or movement, but a slow, brooding menace. He shows us nature in her grey and sombre moods. Yet this static, gloomy vision is expressed by a technique which is its exact opposite: his brushwork is all joy and vigour, force and movement. When R. A. M. Stevenson placed him with Constable, Corot and Millet, he was perhaps, a little carried away, but, with modifications, what he said was true. Peppercorn is better than the late, pretty, monotonous Corot; better than the Constable of highly finished work; better than the Millet of sentimentality. But all these three had other selves which, if not greater than Peppercorn's, were at least as great; and they could express them with more certainty and beauty.

The outstanding feature of the Beaux Arts Gallery exhibition is Mr. C. E. Southwell's collection of Méryons. It is too late in the day to say anything about Méryon in a few lines. Here we may look and wonder at those familiar, magic works which have placed their creator at the summit of his medium, only below Rembrandt, who is above competition and comparison. There is a large number of works by Mr. Leslie Mansfield, whose vision of nature, expressed in delicate line instead of heavy masses, is otherwise not unlike Peppercorn's. His technique is still weak, many of the plates being clumsily bitten. Mr. Randolph Schwabe's three views of old Regent Street, in which the architectural setting is placed in lively contrast with an amusing, vivacious crowd, have not only great artistic merit, but also, alas, an historic interest now. Mr. Medworth, in 'Christ in the Temple,' has produced a work of curious appeal, mysterious and a little uneasy like a Goya; and in 'Nativity,' a naïve, homely-pathetic version like a Breughel: by which I do not mean that he has imitated either of these masters. Mr. Oliver Hall shows a number of etchings which, as do his water-colours at the French Gallery, display his usual high command of his medium, and his quietly sad view of nature.

Miss Pauline Konody is one more newcomer. She has certainly not found full self-expression yet, but in almost all her work there is that indefinable something which wakens hope. She never copies and she never "stunts." Inspired for the most part by two aspects of nature which are, in a sense, contradictory, she has not yet found the formula to relate them.

The French Gallery exhibition is poor. I was surprised, however, to find a picture by Sir John Lavery, that I could like. 'A Tennis Party' might have been the early work of a great artist, which is an opportune warning against prophecy. There is a fine still life by Bonvin and a rich study in greens, terra-cotta and pink by Mr. Walter Sickert. Mr. Wilson Steer's little water-colour, as usual, sets one wondering whether any water-colourist is really his superior. Mr. H. H. Newton's work at the Alpine Club Gallery is competently realistic and says nothing whatever.

MUSIC

THE FUTURE OF MUSIC

THE publishers announce that Mr. Dent's new book* may be regarded as a companion to Mr. Turner's 'Orpheus,' which was recently issued in the same admirable series. It is true that Mr. Dent puts in plain English what Mr. Turner wraps up in the mystery of poetic phrases, and elucidates, for instance, what Mr. Turner calls *death shapes* (in italics) by a brilliant discussion of the question whether a work of art has a permanent value. But Mr. Dent has done far more than provide an illuminating pendant to the work of a colleague, and his publishers are too modest in their claim. They might with justice have announced 'Terpander' as a companion to any book on music, for there is hardly any aspect of the art, in its generalities, which is not touched upon during the course of these ninety-five small pages. To have compressed within so small a space so much of history and æsthetics is a most remarkable feat of concision.

Mr. Dent gives us a history of music from its earliest known beginnings to the present day, without omitting any of the essential facts, and thereby puts into its proper perspective the comparatively short period from which is drawn the music with which we are familiar. So he prepares us for the possibility of a development in the art, which will not necessarily be mainly derived from the practice of the immediate past, but may find its origins, by an atavistic leap, in the music of a time before the modern key-system was invented. This is a perfectly logical argument. The thing happened in architecture, when the appreciation of the beauty of classical remains produced a style to which we owe St. Paul's Cathedral, St. Mary-le-Strand, and eventually, after a long period of development, Bush House. It does seem, however, that, whereas classical architecture had been developed to a perfect state, which could serve as a basis from which later architects might develop a new style, the music of the Middle Ages, like the other arts of the period, was in a very rudimentary stage. For there is no question of the music of ancient Greece serving as a model for the future, since little or nothing is known about it, and Mr. Dent's suggestion that, so far as it resembled anything we know, it was probably most akin to the opera of the South Italians, is as near as we can get to its exact nature.

If the composers of to-day and to-morrow are really to go back to the Middle Ages as a starting-point, they will have to evolve a new system of musical structure, whether it be a system of keys and harmony entirely different from that which we know, or some system in itself entirely novel and unimaginable. But it took several centuries to evolve the system of major and minor scales and the structural form

* 'Terpander, or Music and the Future.' By Edward J. Dent. Kegan Paul. 2s. 6d.

of the classical symphony, which has been the basis of musical composition for the past hundred and fifty years. It is hardly believable that a new system can spring more or less fully armed from the heads of the experimental composers of the day, and there is no precedent, that I can name, of a civilized people suddenly throwing aside the discoveries of the immediate past and setting about the evolution of a new system from the very beginning. The art of music as we know it has grown up with modern civilization, and one of the things which Mr. Dent is most successful in showing is the connexion between its development at any given period with the corresponding developments in human thought and contemporary artistic activities. He recognizes himself that, though this is not the first time musicians have indulged in Rousseauism, "the difficulty of going back to a state of primitive savagery presumably becomes greater as civilization becomes more elaborate."

Moreover, Mr. Dent has little praise for those who are emulating the old Netherland composers in devising technical ingenuities. "There are many devices," he says, "which look quite amusing on paper, but which in practical performance pass unnoticed." This is a very true judgment on the works of the group of composers which is headed by Arnold Schönberg. Ingenuity itself is by no means to be despised, but when it becomes the be-all and end-all of the composer, his productions can have no value except as mathematical experiments. Again, Mr. Dent does not champion the new school of writers, whose "preoccupation with harmony and with the relations between sounds has led to an indifference towards the actual sounds themselves." "The loss of interest in the actual sounds," he continues, "has certainly brought with it a diminished appreciation of melody." He might well have added that the attempt to revert to the early eighteenth century forms, which has been made by Stravinsky and other modern composers, has not met with success, because that form was evolved from the ideas which were to be expressed, and that consequently form and content were entirely congruous the one with the other, whereas modern ideas do not fit the shape of Bachian or Handelian counterpoint. Moreover, in practice it is impossible for the listener, when he hears these works, to forget the older compositions, to which they bear a vague resemblance, so that they sound to him like old music falsely played.

With what then are we left? There is, surely, the possibility of a development along the lines already laid down. This would also be in accordance with the previous advances made in the art. For the past "revolutions" in music, however violent they may have appeared to contemporary critics, will always be seen to have their origins in what preceded them, and to be a logical development from it, even when they have taken the form of a reaction against existing modes. Monteverdi thought that he was resuscitating the ancient Greek drama, but he was, in fact, laying the foundations of modern music-drama with material derived from the existing madrigal. Mr. Dent is inconclusive in his forecast, as any wise prophet is bound to be. It amounts to a much-needed plea for an open mind towards new music. The greatest value of his book remains, however, in the light it casts upon the music of the past. One wishes that Mr. Dent would give us more books, yet it may be that the very rarity of their appearance contributes largely to their rarity, in the other sense, since he puts nothing down on paper that has not been thoroughly considered and brought to the touchstone of his enormous erudition. It must be added, since scholarship is a bugbear to the general reader, that 'Terpander' is extremely readable, and that in spite of its astonishing confusion there are few places where the reader has to supply for himself the connecting link between one idea and the next.

H.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS—32

SET BY J. C. SQUIRE

A. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best sonnet on *Autumn*, containing neither the letter "s" nor the letter "e."

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best set of social notes (mentioning no real persons), not exceeding 250 words, from a newspaper, the notes to convey, as far as possible, information of a discreditable character to those in the know, without being crude or libellous.

RULES

i. All envelopes must be marked LITERARY, followed by the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and addressed to the Editor, The SATURDAY REVIEW, 9 King Street, London, W.C.2 (e.g., this week's LITERARY 32, or LITERARY 32a).

ii. Typescript is not essential, provided the writing is legible, but competitors must use one side of the paper only. Pen-names may be employed if desired.

iii. Where a word limit is set, every fifty words must be marked off by competitors on their MSS.

iv. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves to himself the right to print in part or in whole any matter sent in for competition, whether successful or not. MSS. cannot be returned. Competitors failing to comply with any of these rules will be disqualified. Should the entries submitted be adjudged undeserving of award the Editor reserves the right to withhold one or more prizes.

Entries must reach the Editor, addressed according to the rules, not later than by the first post on Monday, October 18, 1926. The results will be announced in the issue of the SATURDAY REVIEW immediately following. Neither the Editor nor the setter of the Competitions can enter into any correspondence with competitors.

RESULTS OF COMPETITION 30

SET BY A. A. MILNE

A. As a preparatory schoolboy you have been invited by your Uncle Henry to a matinee of John Drinkwater's dramatization of Mr. H. G. Wells's 'Outline of History,' on an afternoon when Surrey is playing Kent at the Oval. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best letter of acceptance in not more than 250 words.

B. We offer a First Prize of One Guinea and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best soliloquy, in not more than 20 lines of blank verse, by an overstrung goldfish in a bowl, who is on the verge of writing to The Times about it.

We have received the following report from Mr. A. A. Milne, with which we concur, and we have pleasure in awarding the prizes in accordance with his recommendations.

REPORT FROM MR. A. A. MILNE

30A. The perfect letter to Uncle Henry was never written. But if all the loving nephews who took up their pens had put their heads together, they might have achieved it. For many of them had their inspired moments. "I am sure the play will be very nice as you say and very interesting in history," says Midory. "Do you see Surrey is playing Kent too that day?" The "too" is delightful. But she adds "At the Oval," an unconvincing touch; nor does she point the moral with the delicacy of Miss G. Powell's "loving nephew George," who com-

ments casually, and as if thinking aloud, "It is never easy to change tickets for anything." H. W. B. assumes that the match, which has been an August fixture for many years now, was played in term-time, so that permission had to be obtained from the headmaster. "Stumpy said the play would be an education and he wished he could go but he was taking some of the chaps to the Oval," and we can hear him wishing it, but in this case why should Uncle Henry's invitation have been accepted? Surely some strong family pressure must be assumed, such as could only be exerted in the holidays. J. T. Hadwen adds the mistaken spelling of Midory to the mistaken chronology of H. W. B., but his George hints as delicately as Miss Powell's when he drops casually into his letter the information, "Binks, who is an awful ass only he lives in London sais you go to the Ovl by train from Westminster."

After changing my mind half a dozen times, I have decided to recommend Grandmother for the first prize. Her reference to Drinkwater is not as good as the rest of the letter, but she understood that there had to be some mention of the two responsible authors, and her Wells paragraph is sublime in its simplicity. The second prize goes to John Martin, but if he wants it, he will have to send some sort of address.

THE WINNING LETTER

Dear Uncle Henry,—Mummy says thank you very much for asking me to go to the play with you on Wednesday. She says it will help me with my history.

I hope it will be a wet day. Do you know Surrey are playing Kent that day? I was born in Surrey, so I hope they will win. The Pro. at school says it is good for boys to see good cricket. He says I may be in the second XI next summer if I work hard at it. He says that would be very good for ten. He says I must watch good cricket and practise a lot.

Our Pro's. name is Wells, but he does not know any history. I asked him which he would like best, to go to the play I am going to with you or go to the Oval, and he said the Oval.

I have never heard of Mr. John Drinkwater. I wonder why he didn't write a play about cricket with Hobbs for the hero.

I cannot think of any more to say. I hope you are quite well.

Love from

JOHN

P.S.—Thank you very much.

GRANDMOTHER

SECOND PRIZE

Dear Uncle Henry,—Thank you for asking me to the dramatization of the outline of history on Wednesday. I will come to your house at two. It is the first day of Surrey and Kent at the Oval. I expect it will be interesting. Some history is. I liked the castle we went to when we were in Switzerland. There was an oubliette and some torture instruments. I liked that. Who do you think will win? I say Surrey. Who do you say? B. R. says John Drinkwater is very good. It's a funny name. So is Mr. Wells too. Of course, Hobbs may make a blob, but I hope not. And there's Sandham and the others. They've practically no tail. What do you think about Mr. Wells? I've never been to the Oval yet. I daresay it will be quite funny in parts. When we went to *Midsummer Nights Dream* I never thought it would be funny at all, being Shakespeare, and we laughed a lot when they fell down the steps and the lion's tail. Chapman can hit, can't he? It seems funny the captain of England being on the losing side, if he is. Who do you think will win? Only the outline of history will be better than the inside I should think. I expect it will be very interesting. Thank you for asking me.

Your loving nephew,

JOHN MARTIN

308. Few of the competitors seemed to feel as I do, that "writing to *The Times* about it" is now a phrase which means no more than "getting it off

one's chest." One way of doing this is by soliloquizing in blank verse in the SATURDAY REVIEW, which is what my goldfish, in urgent need of self-expression, was expected to do. I imagined his hysterical state to be the result of one or other of the three notorious conditions under which he lives: monotony of diet, lack of privacy, distorted environment. "Ants' eggs again! My God!" is probably how I should have begun myself. G. M. Graham's goldfish shows no evidence of being "overstrung" as directed, but found an ingenious reason for writing to *The Times*, which was no part of the problem at all. In spite of this failure to compete for the prizes offered, I recommend that he be awarded the second one, for, with one exception, he is the only competitor who has a feeling for burlesque blank verse. The exception is Hilary, whose lines 15-18 have fairly earned him the first prize. Will he send his name?

THE WINNING ENTRY

By Glaucus, this is more than I can bear.
I was brought up in a four-sided tank,
Where there were walls, and corners, and an edge.
There, I knew what was what—I saw myself
Clearly reflected at the angles, trim,
Flat and symmetrical, as fish should be.
The people too—head, body, fins and tail,
They stayed the same: I knew what they were like.
But in this sickening concave bowl I see
Pale hollowed forms that are and are not mine;
And people dwindle to mean minnowy shapes
Or loom up, bulging unexpectedly,
Close to the glass, like whales. I say, it's more
Than any fish could bear; it turns me hot.
I am not one of those who think in curves—
I must know where a place begins and ends.
Have I swum round this bowl seven billion times,
Or have I never yet got round at all?
By Glaucus, this is more than I can bear—
By Thetis, I am going off my head!

HILARY

SECOND PRIZE

Death holds no terrors for the beautiful,
Who know that flowers will bloom where gold has shone.
Yet I, who am to pay the price in gold,
View my demise with some discomfiture.

A week ago, I heard my master say
That he would shortly use the crystal bowl
From which for months I have surveyed the world
To hold the bulbs of next year's daffodils.
"What shall we do with Alfred?" asked his wife,
"The dust bin," he replied—"or, better still,
I'll take him to the fish-shop down the road
And have him fried for Ethelberta's tea."

And, with some apprehension, I reflect
That humbler fishes—plaice or mackerel—
Make their last journeys wrapped in blatant sheets
Culled from editions of the Sporting Press.
I feel that I deserve a worthier shroud—
None but *The Times* shall form my winding-sheet.
So I am writing to the Editor,
Requesting him to take the matter up.

G. M. GRAHAM

The Incorporated Stage Society and the Three Hundred Club have been amalgamated and will in future operate as one concern. Hitherto the Stage Society has produced four plays a year and the Three Hundred Club three. By the new arrangement a joint annual programme of five plays will be given. Of these the Council of the Stage Society will be responsible for three, and the Three Hundred Club for the other two.

P's AND Q's

(PROBLEMS AND QUESTIONS.)

At various times our readers have suggested that the SATURDAY REVIEW should provide them with a medium for the exchange of information, literary, historic, antiquarian, etc. We have therefore opened a column under the above heading through which readers can seek the co-operation of others in the solution of genuine problems falling within these categories. It must be made clear from the outset that queries of a kind the answer to which can be obtained by reference to the nearest popular encyclopædia or dictionary of quotations cannot be admitted. Brevity is recommended.

SIR,—“Look to your Moat.” I remember seeing this phrase quoted in some newspaper article on the subject of England's sea supremacy. I should be grateful for the reference.

T. R. CUTHBERTSON

SIR,—I have seen it stated somewhere that Frederick Denison Maurice, the eminent theologian, once published a novel, but can obtain no corroboration of this statement. Perhaps one of your readers may be able to supply the necessary information.

A. NORMAN GRAY

SIR,—Which was the first Gilbert and Sullivan opera?

C. L. ALLISTON

MACAULAY'S NEW ZEALANDER

SIR,—In reply to P. K. Richardson's inquiry in your issue of 2nd inst., Mrs. Barbauld, in a poem entitled ‘Eighteen Hundred and Eleven,’ anticipated Macaulay's New Zealander.

[Perhaps this correspondent, who gives no name, can quote from the poem?—Ed. S.R.]

SIR,—There are several answers to Mr. P. K. Richardson's query. Macaulay has himself written two similar sentences, one in a review of Mitford's ‘Greece,’ and another in a review of Mill's ‘Essay on Government.’ In Volney's ‘Ruins,’ Chapter II, is the following sentence:

Who knows but that hereafter some traveller like myself, will sit down upon the banks of the Seine, the Thames or the Zuyder Zee, where now in the tumult of enjoyment, the heart and the eye are too slow to take in the multitude of sensations? Who knows but he will sit down solitary amid silent ruins, and weep at people injured and their greatness changed into an empty name?

GEORGE W. GRAHAM

SIR,—Shelley, in the ‘Dedication to Peter Bell,’ writes the following:

In the firm expectation that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some Transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians.

ANTHONY BERTRAM

SIR,—P. K. Richardson will find in a letter from Horace Walpole to Horace Mann, dated November 24, 1774, the following parallel with Macaulay's New Zealander passage:

The next Augustan age will dawn on the other side of the Atlantic. There will, perhaps, be a Thucydides at Boston, a Xenophon at New York, in time a Virgil at Mexico, and a Newton at Peru. At last some anxious traveller from Lima will visit England, and give a description of the ruins of St. Paul's, like the editions of Balbec and Palmyra.

R. P.

REVIEWS

MURDER MOST FOUL

By EDWARD SHANKS

Murder for Profit. By William Bolitho. Cape, 10s. 6d.

IT might have been supposed that the recent years spent by some thirty or forty millions of men in attempting to kill one another would have weakened our interest in killings by retail. Neither Landru nor Haarmann had as many deaths to his credit as several celebrated airmen or incurred any greater risk. There is evidently, then, something more in murder than the infliction of violent death, for after a period in which life seemed almost unprecedentedly cheap, we find a public interest in the murderer, his exploits, his motives, his inner life and his end, greater than before. It is no longer a merely vulgar interest. As Mr. Bolitho says, “murder, along with the amateur study of religious rites and ceremonies, and sexual aberrations, [is] one of the subjects allowed to interest cultured men after dinner.” And the subject is pursued with subtlety and seriousness. Perhaps this is indeed a sign of modern degeneration, of a growing morbidity in our natures. Certainly most of the students of murder show a consciousness of the shadow of the rope falling across their theme. Or it may be that society has advanced into a condition in which this crime, a merely venal offence in palæolithic times, has, with its penalty, been put on a plane by itself. Our imagination focusses with peculiar intensity on the lawless taking of life and the lawful taking of it which follows. Here we are in the presence of the offence which society, as it shows by the vengeance it takes, cannot possibly tolerate. But, as is recognized by law or custom in most countries but our own, there is murder and murder. Killing in sudden rage, unless we suppose that all men can be at all times reasonably expected to have perfect control of themselves, carries a less degree of guilt than killing by calculation, and the guilt even of killing by calculation varies according to the motive. Mr. Bolitho has distinguished five murderers who killed not once but several times for profit, creatures against whom humanity turned almost as though it recognized in them masqueraders belonging to a different race.

It cannot be said that Mr. Bolitho's style is always very well suited to his purpose. The special correspondent's way of getting his effects works better on the sheet of a newspaper than between the covers of a book. Mr. Bolitho is altogether too anxious to be graphic and striking. His titles, ‘The Imperialism of J.-B. Troppmann,’ ‘The Poetry of Desiré Landru,’ and so forth, make an unfortunate catchpenny impression. Frequently in narrative or comment his desire for the picturesque carries him far enough to defeat his own purpose. Thus in his hypothetical account of Smith's first meeting with one of his victims:

When she set out to see the evening alone; when she noticed at the turning that a man was following her; and after the first flurry slackened her pace, then stepped against the railing and waited; when she saw him come near with a swagger in his arms and hesitation in his feet, and saw the soldier's shoulders and the shape of biceps in his coat-sleeves, the carefully jutted chin, it was not expectation, be sure, of a talk with an industrious artisan that made her breathing an embarrassed pleasure and prompted her little bow. It was a messenger who brought a ticket to life, the great ball of pain and change from which she had been lawfully but unjustly excluded; he must prove he had lived.

The events Mr. Bolitho is describing are extraordinary enough: the use of strained and ornate language in the description does not produce the effect of rising to their level but rather that of a writer of fiction who is uneasy lest his invention should have outrun his powers of conviction.

Nevertheless his five subjects, Burke and Hare, Troppmann, Smith, Landru, and Haarmann, make in their mere grouping a startling impression. "Mass murder" or "murder for profit," is certainly a kind by itself. It is, of course, strictly "murder for profit" when the heir to a property removes the person in present enjoyment of it. But that is a kind which normal lives come much closer to understanding. The action is an abnormality even for the murderer himself—though it may be true that once committed it seems to lose something of its abnormality. But the man who deliberately and systematically deals in human life as a commodity stands by himself, does appear to belong to a different order of creatures.

G. J. Smith is, for us, at any rate, the perfect type of it, more easily comprehensible by us than Landru, because the killer's soul inhabited the body of a certain English type which it is not at all hard to recognize. The type is that of the "dealer" in anything that may happen to turn up, preferably something second-hand. Their life is a confused tangle of innumerable transactions, their income, which is their precarious hold on life, is an uncertain quantity and never bears any calculable relation to the amount of effort they spend in earning it. Sometimes, generally in a fugitive manner, they open shops of their own; more often they go between shop and shop or between house and shop. One knows the type and can find it in every rank of society, trafficking here in options and there in second-hand clothes. It has no means of livelihood but a mediocre instinct for turning a penny, and it is generally hard put to it to keep a head above water.

There are certain sorts of bacilli, living in the soil and there pursuing harmless and uninteresting existences, which in certain circumstances undergo a radical change and thereafter exhibit all the deadly qualities of the bacillus which causes anthrax. Something of the sort must have happened to our relatively harmless and quite grubby "dealer." We know how: we do not know why. Mr. Bolitho, with all his ingenuity, does not succeed in quite explaining what happened. But he makes us see what did happen and thereby gives us something to marvel at. (If only he would leave us to marvel, without nudging us!)

There are, one would think, so many forms of criminal activity, stopping short of murder, and quite as easy and quite as remunerative, that the man might have practised. But what most astonishes one in all these cases is the exiguity of the stakes for which the murderers played. Burke and Hare sold their corpses at eight pounds a time. Troppmann wiped out a whole family in pursuit of a fortune of about four thousand pounds and never had the shadowiest chance of touching more than a fraction even of that. Haarmann (if the horriddest of the charges against him is to be regarded as not proven) got at most a suit of old clothes out of each victim—and generally very old at that. Haarmann, however, does seem to me to be an exception to his companions here: he killed because he liked killing, as Domitian amused himself by the slaughter of flies. The rest really did kill for profit and offer no indication that they ever would have killed except for profit. There must have been some obscure change which converted the natural acquisitive instinct of man thus into a deadly poison. If we knew more about its processes we should know more about the nature of the soul than Mr. Bolitho can tell us and almost as much as he tries to tell us.

APE, TIGER AND TOMMY

Psychology and Education. By R. M. Ogden. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

THIS treatise on educational psychology contains two full-page illustrations. Each of them is of a chimpanzee. Thus fortified in his convictions the

disillusioned teacher comes expectantly to find advice about training the human young; to be precise, about how to teach Tommy. Not but what he has learnt by experience that few treatises on pedagogy are likely to tell him much about that. At times, indeed, he is tempted to think blasphemy—to give way to the thought that quite a number of them ought to be recognized as solemn nonsense. He will not feel this about Professor Ogden's book—at any rate he certainly ought not to; and from it he will learn a great deal about the meaning of "Gestalt" psychology and the principles which can be deduced from it. But he probably will not close his study of it with a very delirious sense of illumination. For it tells him more about experimental psychology than about the concrete business of education.

The chimpanzees are the heroes of the book. It is the latest volume to appear in the well-known International Library of Psychology and Philosophy, which already contains many books of outstanding merit; and it is avowedly an application of two earlier volumes in the series. Köhler's 'Mentality of Apes' was recognized as a real masterpiece in the study of animal psychology. Prof. Kofka of Giessen made great use of its results in his volume on 'The Growth of Mind.' Mr. Ogden dedicates his book to Kofka, and admits that he reached his own position largely under the influence of these two men. He claims to be writing from a "genetic" standpoint, and that, I should gather, in a two-fold sense. For, first, he is concerned to trace the evolution of "intelligent" behaviour out of those more primitive reactions which loosely and popularly we call "instinctive"; thus he is much concerned with "behaviour" at a level below that of the human organism. And secondly, he desires to demonstrate that everything which we call "learning" flows, as it were, out of the total whole of a dynamic response to situation, and must follow the paths of "bio-logic"—the inherent structure of dynamic response—and not the conceptual lines of formal logic. It is the standpoint of *Gestalt-Psychologie*—the word is almost untranslatable—that the "behaviour" of an organism is not a sum of unit-responses, but a "pattern" or cycle of reaction to a similarly "patterned" situation. What this means is, roughly, that inherited structure is not organized to put through one response, then another, a third and so on, till at the end the chain of reflexes is complete (to perceive a prey, to crouch, spring, catch and devour it); but rather to carry through a certain cycle or "dynamic pattern" of behaviour—the entire cycle of activity involved in the "situation" that confronts it. The "situation," too, is a pattern, and is apprehended as a "patterned" whole, which is prior to recognition of its parts. Response and situation are correlative. So that "learning" is gaining fresh appreciations of the situation to which the response is made: as when the ape comes to see the stick in his hand as an integral part of the situation which includes banana outside the cage, and uses it to complete the behaviour-cycle of feeding himself with the desired food. It is only so far as new elements can be seen in their context in the situation that any learning is really possible.

This train of ideas is developed with full detail and exemplified by the well-known experiments in the behaviour of lower organisms. The author is really at home in his subject, and has made an important contribution. But the teacher will rise from it unconvinced. If we can once grant the major premiss—the proper study of mankind is *paramecium*—the rest follows lucidly and cogently. But that is just where I confess to feeling sceptical. Are we not in danger of being obsessed just now by the fallacy of origins? And will all this "ape and tiger" business really teach us how to teach Tommy? What a thing has been, or what it has developed from, is not really

the clue to what it is; and this applies equally to the case before us. As we go through the psychologist's menagerie—amœbas, wasps, frogs, white rats, hens, cats, dogs and anthropoid apes—are we not sometimes moved to a protest? We may feel that these researches are convincing as to the origins and growth of "mind" and the infra-rational bases of intelligence. And yet, even in our darkest hours, we know that our pupils after all are not amœbas, wasps, frogs, rats, hens, cats, dogs or even anthropoids, but human young with half-a-million years of human social inheritance behind them. Tommy certainly has ape and tiger, parrot and donkey, in his composition, but what he is, is not any of these creatures; and does not that make the entire difference? All the behaviour of a human being, even at the most elementary levels, is distinctively human behaviour—that gives our life both its grandeur and ferocity; and whatever we draw from our animal ancestry is changed in the very fact that we inherit it. This gives one doubts whether this careful study of pre-human response to environment does really throw quite as much light as is claimed for it on the function and training of the human mind. This may be branded as ignorant layman's heresy: but I think it is time that somebody raised the point.

Behaviourism has not taken root so deeply in England as in some other countries, and this makes it hard to appreciate the book. (The author refuses to use the word "consciousness" and rejects both teleology and mechanism.) What I have criticized is not the book, but the whole range of assumptions that lie behind it. I hope I have not been unfair to Professor Ogden. His work is written with great ability and mastery, though at times his slightly pedantic terminology makes it singularly hard to follow. The "serious student" ought to work through the book—provided that he retains his sense of humour.

The publishers' blast on the dust-cover ("puff" is far too gentle a word for it) would shake the walls of our academic Jerichos were it not for an unfortunate misprint. I wondered long what is meant by a "tan-tology" (*sic*) and concluded that it is a portmanteau word which must either stand for "talking so much" or else (less probably) "the science of aunts." But, seriously, this jacket-boost is being absurdly overdone. The printing and get-up of the book are excellent, as we have learnt to expect in this series.

F. R. B.

A GOOD HATER

Memoirs of Leon Daudet. Edited and translated by A. K. Griggs. Constable. 18s.

WE cannot pretend that we have compared the book before us with the six volumes of M. Daudet's 'Souvenirs,' published at intervals from 1913 onwards, out of which it has been made, but we will conjecture that, despite some lapses into translatoresque and a few into the American language, not much has been lost in translation, and that condensation has done the work little harm. These memoirs, as we have them, are both vivid and monotonous; alive because M. Daudet cares vehemently for a few persons and one political cause, without variety because his attitude can always be predicted. There is much to be forgiven him, but it is not difficult to forgive. *Quia multum amavit* has its counterpart; it is easy to pardon the genuine hater. That is to say, so long as we have to listen to his diatribes for only one volume. We would not guarantee our patience during the perusal of six.

The son of Alphonse Daudet, the husband, for a while, of Victor Hugo's grand-daughter, was brought into close touch with most of the eminent writers of his period. His father he not naturally but with every

reason reveres, and for Goncourt he retains a warm and delicate regard. But the others! We know what Zola was, how heavy and humourless was his touch on life, how pompous he could be in the enunciation of his theories. But in these pages he becomes a bestial creature. Some of the jibes are not unjust, and it is decidedly amusing to read that 'Le Rêve' produces the effect of "a church organ set up in the midst of manure-fields, with scavengers dressed as first communicants," and is the work of a writer who thought to achieve mysticism "by painting his snout blue, like the sky." It is less entertaining, for satire must have a liberal proportion of truth, to have Zola, an ugly man, to be sure, in terms that would constitute libel if applied to Caliban. But since Zola chose to defend Dreyfus, he lost all rights where M. Daudet is concerned. Then there is Catulle Mendès. Now Mendès, who could almost equal every considerable writer of the epoch on that author's own ground, could do nothing in poetry and very little in fiction that was indisputably his own. But he was a brilliant and extremely generous critic, responsive to every sort of merit, and to say nothing whatever of this fine side of him, while reproducing, with gross exaggeration, every one of his faults is to spoil the caricature. And, in any event, there is no point in caricaturing Mendès now; nobody has any illusions about his originality as a poet or novelist in these days. He looked like a decadent's notion of Christ, he carried with him the odour of ether and drink, and he got drunk during the theatrical vigil of poets round the body of Victor Hugo. But these and similar facts can affect us only if we are given some reason for regarding him as what in fact he was, a man of remarkable talents and generous instincts. Thrust at once miles beyond the pale of our sympathies, his figure may have more or less of mud thrown at it without shaking our indifference.

M. Daudet is a good hater, as we have said, but he is not a wise hater. He is both most damaging and most entertaining when the man he abominates is in some way, chronologically or otherwise, sufficiently far removed from him for a few merits to be admitted. He is excellently amusing about Leconte de Lisle when he says that the poet discovered how to freeze the epic and should be read only when one has a hot-water bottle at one's feet, because his caricature leaves the impression that it is after all of a great man. He is again very effective in dealing with Victor Hugo, because he admits that the preposterous creature was, emotionally and imaginatively, though not intellectually, one of the greatest of masters. On a lower level, we have first-rate comedy in the malicious but not wholly hostile account of how Marcel Schwob, a man of even rarer gifts than M. Daudet admits, affected nautical costume, of no known age or nation, on board ship, and was ordered out of the dining saloon by an unsympathetic English steward. It was Marcel Schwob who introduced M. Daudet to Oscar Wilde, and we read M. Daudet on this with some surprise. He suggests that he detached himself from Wilde at an early date. Has he forgotten that when he and his father were in England, and Wilde was on bail between one trial and the next, messages of sympathy were sent by Alphonse Daudet to Wilde in his refuge in Oakley Street?

Of the political matter in the book we shall say little. M. Daudet has an excellent contempt for certain aspects of democracy, French or other; he is a patriot, in his own way; he predicted the war and some of its early events; he has courage and zeal and persistence. But he is quite incapable of estimating public men. Are they on the right side? They are incomparable statesmen. Are they on the wrong side? They are criminals bent on ruining France, and quite obviously financed by Jews or bought by Germany. Yet even the absurdest of his hatreds inspire some lively phrases. If Catulle Mendès is described as "a Semitic refugee from Sodom," the politicians come in for

harsher words still. The writer very much means them, and on occasion he has answered for them on the duelling field. We cannot say of so indiscriminate and violent a personage that his wit, in Shelley's phrase, makes so keen a wound the knife is lost in it, but there is a certain exhilaration in watching one in whom the spirit of the offensive is so highly developed.

THREE TRAVELLERS

Close-Hauled. By K. Adlard Coles. Seeley, Service. 10s. 6d.

A Wayfarer in Sweden. By Frederic Whyte. Methuen. 7s. 6d.

The Fire of Desert Folk. By Ferdinand Ossendowski. Allen and Unwin. 16s.

AN ever-increasing variety of means of transport offer themselves nowadays to the eager traveller. In making his choice, the traveller must first consider what is his real objective—the place he is going to or the journey thither. Is he simply setting out to see something somewhere, or does he hold with Stevenson that to travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive? In the former case he may use an aeroplane, without blame from anyone; in the latter he will usually be found to have selected some means of conveyance that was already ancient in the days of the Pharaohs—so little do modern comforts appeal to the traveller for travel's sake. In this second class must be counted all those whose delight it is to sail the seas in little ships; and among their recent achievements a high place should surely be given to the fine performance of Mr. Adlard Coles, who in 1925 sailed a 29-foot ketch across the North Sea, all the way from Riga to England, a distance of 1,350 nautical miles, with no other crew but himself and his wife! It is true that there was an auxiliary engine on the *Annette II*, but, in a way that auxiliary engines have, it only ran for six miles, six engineers were required to put it in order, and the repair bill was six pounds. It is true, too, that the *Annette* was an exceptionally fine sea boat—"bluff-bowed, beamy, strong-looking, with the fine pointed stern that I have always admired in Scandinavian ships"—and that Mr. Coles was able to make a fairly comfortable voyage through the Baltic and as far as Ymuiden in Holland. But between there and England they ran into stormy weather and passed two and a half terrible days, during which they were hove-to for eight hours. In heavy weather like this, steering was beyond the strength of his gallant "crew" and Mr. Coles had to be permanently at the helm. They finally made Southwold Harbour in a state not far removed from exhaustion, but glowing with an inner satisfaction that only yachtsmen know.

Mr. Coles gives a plain and modest account of his exploit. In the Danish harbour of Ballen he met the yacht *Amfitrite*, bound for Aarhus, commanded by her owner, whose name he does not give; but the genial yachtsman is easily recognized (even without the photograph that is there to help us) as Captain Johnsen, who has since brought the *Amfitrite* to London, and converted us all to Drakenbergism. It is quite painful to read that Mr. Coles was presented with one of the now historic gold miniatures of a Viking ship, without apparently understanding in the least what it was about. But he got on well with Captain Johnsen, and with all the Danes he met. Of the Swedes, he seems to have formed rather a "mixed" opinion. On the whole, of those he met he liked the Stockholmers best, and that is a view that receives some implied support from Mr. Frederic Whyte's book on Sweden. Mr. Whyte is enthusiastic about Stockholm—as, indeed, he is about most things in Sweden, including the hotels to some of which he hands out magnificent, but no doubt well-deserved, testimonials. His book is curiously arranged. He starts with a few chapters

on particular towns, then gives one on manners and customs, then back to the towns again, then a little history, and so on. The index is weak. Mr. Whyte includes a lot of useful information, much of which, as he rightly claims, cannot be found in Baedeker; but then the strong point about Baedeker is that you can always find what is there.

It is plain that Professor Ossendowski, in contrast with Mr. Coles, has no use for travel except as a means of getting to places. His wife—in contrast, again, with Mr. Coles's "crew"—retires as soon as the steamer leaves the Spanish port of Almeria and only reappears when it reaches Oran on the African coast. All decent people will sympathize, especially when they note the infectious enthusiasm with which these travellers afterwards approach their various objectives in Morocco. Perhaps the mere sight-seeing is the strongest part of the book, accompanied as it is by really admirable photographs. The Professor and his wife were lucky. They happened to see some negroes being stealthily sold to the highest bidder in the old slave-market at Fez. They encountered a strange individual in Arab dress who can only have been a Bolshevik spy: he heard the Professor (who is a Pole) speaking Russian to a guide, and, mistaking their nationality, became quite confidential. The political part of the book is inevitably rather out of date; for events move fast in Morocco. But it may be said that if Professor Ossendowski is anything like correct in his account of the anti-European feeling among the natives of Fez and other towns (and his evidence is all first hand) it must be counted fortunate that Abdel-Krim attacked the French as early as he did, and so brought matters to a head, before any serious movement had been organized. The talk of the sheikhs and ulema was all of the great "Lenine," the Messiah of prophecy, of the designs of Europe against the caliphate (which the Turks, not Europe, have destroyed), and similar pernicious nonsense. Professor Ossendowski has the greatest admiration for the French achievements in Morocco, but he plainly thinks that the fall of Abdel-Krim came none too soon.

JOHN COMPANY

John Company. By Sir William Foster. The Bodley Head. 12s. 6d.

THERE is probably no commercial undertaking in English history that makes a richer appeal to the imagination than the "Honourable Company of Merchants of London Trading into the East Indies." Sir William Foster, the author of 'The East India House,' has collected in the present volume a number of miscellaneous essays on varied aspects of its career. They are full of information, presented in a lucid, unpretentious, admirable style. Sir William contrives to present his facts in a most readable form and yet to efface himself; he strikes the mean between dry bones and personal prejudices, the two extremes into which historians so easily slip. The book is also well illustrated.

One of the most absurdly romantic incidents Sir William has to record concerns the way in which Sir Thomas Smythe became involved in the Essex rising and was imprisoned in the Tower. He was subsequently released as innocent, but the affair caused a considerable delay in the formation of the Company of which he was to be the first Governor. A commercial magnate of those days, whose investments were called "adventures," and whose business lay very trickily with kings and princes, had many strange matters to deal with. When, for example, Smythe did not satisfy Martha Bedell's expectations of relief she "exceeded the bonds of modestie and humanity" by leaving her baby on his doorstep, a baby for which one of the Company's sailors, we presume, was responsible. The unfortunate woman was sent to Bridewell for her indiscretion.

Smythe and his fellow Directors—or "Committee," as they were then called—were charitable and pious men, insisting that prayers should be read twice daily on their ships, and making continual grants and presents, though they were shrewd enough not to commit themselves. When they gave £100 to some of the poorer ministers in the City for prayers for the success of their voyages, they refused "to tie themselves unto the like annuallie, butt as God should move their harts upon occasions presented." Smythe was indeed a remarkable man; when the Company voted him a present of £500 he refused to take the oath as Governor until they had taken back £250. "The residue His Worship kindlie yealded to take." Although, as far as one gathers, he did not leave England, his epitaph displays him as a very true adventurer:

Governour of the East India, Moscovia, French and Sommer
lland Companies: Treasurer for the Virginian Plantation:
Prime Undertaker (in the year 1612) for that noble designe
the discoverie of the North-West Passage: Principal Commis-
sioner for the London expedition against the Pirates, and for
a voiage to the ryver Senega upon the Coast of Africa: one
of the cheefe Commissioners for the Navie Roial.

The article on the Company's Surgeon-General is one of the most attractive, because it pictures a world particularly strange to us. This Surgeon-General, one of whose duties was to attend Blackwall Yard to cut the workmen's hair, received any medicine chests returned from India as a perquisite. In 1642 this was stopped on a complaint that he new-boiled the salves and charged the Company as if they were fresh medicines. His perquisite, however, was restored on his demonstrating that he only used the old medicine in his hospital practice "for the cureing of poore people." The early history of Dockland, when the labourers begged an allowance of a penny a night that they might take lodgings near their work; the account of the difficult situation when James I and his successor wished to become shareholders and had to be refused; the records of the animals carried for Charles II's menagerie, and the black servants for the Duchess of Portsmouth; the story of the incredibly adventurous John Dean; all these things make entrancing reading. In those early days a mere insurance policy was a document that would thrill a modern schoolboy. Is not this the very stuff of romance?

Touching the adventures and perills which wee, the assurers, are contented to bear and doe take upon us in this voiage, are of the seas, men of warr, fire, enemies, pirates, rovers, thieves, jettezons, letters of marte and countermarte, surprizalls and takeing at sea, arrests, restraint(s) and detaiments of all Kings, Princes, and people of what nation, condition, or quality soever, barratry of the master and marriners, and of all other perills, losses, and misfortunes (that) have or shall come to the hurte, detriment, or damage of the said goods and mechandizes, or any parte thereof.

A Road to Fairyland. By Erica Fay. Putnam. 5s.

THIS very charming book of fairy stories is dedicated to "All children between the ages of seven and seventy." If (as we have a shrewd suspicion) some of these stories are designed to point a moral the moral will be more apparent to the child of seventy than the child of seven. Erica Fay is exquisitely at home in that kingdom of fairyland, the secrets of which are known only to the child and to the childlike but which, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is within each one of us, if we will but trouble to search for it. The author has a keen sense of fun—as witness 'The Centipede's Bedsocks'—but she is at her best when her theme is pure fantasy, and 'The Princess' is perhaps the most successful story in the volume. Her instinct for felicitous phrasing may be illustrated by the following:—"She had made them feel uncomfortable, as if they had had angels to tea without having washed their hands first." Godparents would be well advised to purchase this book—and to pass it on. Mr. Arthur Rackham supplies a coloured frontispiece.

NEW BOOKS AT A GLANCE

Notice under this heading does not preclude or prejudice subsequent review.

THE book of the week is 'Holism and Evolution' (Macmillan, 18s.), by General J. C. Smuts. A generation ago, when the eminent South African statesman was an undergraduate at Cambridge, he became deeply interested in the study of personality, and embodied his views in an essay on Walt Whitman. Later it struck him that personality was only a special case of a much more universal problem, "the existence of wholes and the tendency towards wholes and wholeness in nature." He returned to the subject in 1910, but only now do we get his considered opinions on a problem with important bearings on ethics, art, and the art of living.

In 'The Life of Jesus' (Cape, 10s. 6d.) Mr. Middleton Murry presents us with his own conception of Jesus. The aim of the book is extremely personal—"my aim has been simply to establish a point of view from which the profound and astonishing unity of the life and teaching of Jesus can be grasped."

'The Changing East' (Cassell, 10s. 6d.) records the impressions of Mr. J. A. Spender during a tour of Turkey, Egypt and India. Those who remember the excellence of a tiny volume Mr. Spender wrote some years ago on India will hardly need assurance that this book is deserving of very serious attention.

'The Etchings of Frank Brangwyn' (The Studio, 2 gns.) is a *catalogue raisonné* by Mr. William Gaunt, copiously illustrated.

'The Imperial Palaces of Peking' (Vanoest, 8 gns. the three vols.) is the first part of an account by Professor Osvald Sirén. It contains no fewer than 274 plates in colotype, with an adequate number of architectural drawings.

'Gallipoli To-day' (Benn, 10s. 6d.) is by Mr. T. J. Pemberton, and has a preface by Sir Ian Hamilton.

'The Love-Letters of William Pitt, First Lord Chatham' (Chapman and Hall, 15s.) is a welcome rescue from the private correspondence in the Chatham MSS. hidden away in the Record Office. The book is edited by Miss E. A. Edwards.

'Savonarola' (Benn, 12s. 6d.) is a presentation in dramatic form of that character and of the life of Florence in his period.

'The Life of Benvenuto Cellini' (Dent, 7s. 6d.) is a version by Miss Anne Macdonnell, fully illustrated. It can never be too much regretted that Cellini's memoirs were not available to the great translators of Tudor England, but Miss Macdonnell's version, first issued some twenty years ago, has long been appreciated, and the form in which it comes back to us is a pleasant one.

'The Old Stag' (Putnam, 7s. 6d.) is another of Mr. Henry Williamson's studies in natural history.

'Rasselas' (Dent, 10s. 6d.) is a reprint with woodcuts by Mr. Douglas Bliss, some of them striking, and an Introduction by Mr. G. K. Chesterton, who has some happy paradoxes on the sadness of Dr. Johnson's trifling and the merriness of his labours, but is perhaps too forgetful of the circumstances in which 'Rasselas' was composed.

Lastly, we would draw special attention to 'The River Flows' (Hogarth Press, 7s. 6d.), by Mr. F. L. Lucas, a poignant study of the relations of two men and a woman before and during the war.

11 H.P. and
12/28 H.P.

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NEW FICTION

BY L. P. HARTLEY

Introduction to Sally. By the author of 'Elizabeth and her German Garden.' Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

Children of the Morning. By W. L. George. Chapman and Hall. 6s.

The Three Students. By Haldane MacFall. Knopf. 7s. 6d.

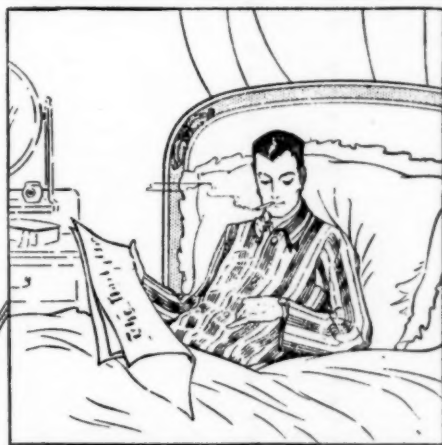
Master Where He Will. By Almer St. John Adcock. Faber and Gwyer. 7s. 6d.

WHEN a novelist sets out, as "Elizabeth" does, to amuse herself and through amusing herself to amuse us, it is idle and even ungracious to snub her efforts with talk of probability violated and unity disregarded. She is not concerned with such abstractions; her law is caprice. Her eye surveys the social order, marks down an Islington shop-keeper, and impoverished suburban gentlewoman, and a duke. She brings them together and mixes them up. Whatever the result is, it is not homogeneous, not romance, nor farce, nor realism, though it partakes of the nature of all three.

Salvatia Pinner, the shop-keeper's daughter, is the connecting link. She was so beautiful that wherever she was or went a crowd collected. Everyone smiled at her and her nature was so accommodating and responsive that, like Browning's 'Last Duchess,' she always smiled back. Her father, "a God-fearing man who was afraid of everything except respectability," tried to hide her, though she doubled and trebled his custom. The Cambridge undergraduate who married her for her beautiful face, tried to hide her during their honeymoon. But no matter how many bushels were set upon her, she could not be hidden; and she awakened in every male breast a quite irresistible desire to rescue her from every other male. Mr. Thorpe rescued her from her genteel mother-in-law, chivalrously delivering her to her father. Her father despatched her, "passive as a parcel," back to her mother-in-law and to education in pronouncing aspirates: but on the way she was kidnapped by the eccentric daughter of a duke. From this point, with a third of Sally's history still to run, the story begins to flag; farce supplants romance. The duke's son rescues her from his sister, and the duke, who is deaf and ninety-three, takes her over from his son. All ends happily. Being a fairy-story, the romantic adventures of a shop-girl, it could not have ended otherwise. The merit of the book is its liveliness and irresponsibility. "Elizabeth" will have her joke and nine times out of ten it is a good one. She enters the lists of fiction more light-heartedly than anyone alive, and her triumph, when she scores it, is a personal triumph. She has only to be characteristic and we applaud. She is, *par excellence*, the champion of Wives; she represents the Wife militant here in earth. However often, at Jocelyn's direction, poor Sally may repeat "Husbands inhabit heaven" we know that she will never accustom herself either to the sentiment or to the pronunciation. Husbands are exacting over-grown children to be humoured by their wives: this is the moral of the book. Its fault is that it represents its characters on different planes of reality; Sally is merely an incarnation of beauty, helplessness, domesticity and stupidity; her father is an arbitrary combination of humours, entertaining enough but surely unlike any shop-keeper that ever lived; Mrs. Luke is a carefully and brilliantly drawn study of suburban manners; Jocelyn is an idealistic amorous head-strong fool; the duke's family is the nobility of Lyceum melodrama. They have no real contact because they come out of different worlds, and

Sally's beauty, which introduces them to one another, is too fragile a theme to unite them. It is, moreover, so much harped upon that in the end we cease to be conscious of it. 'Introduction to Sally' gets nowhere, but takes us through some delicious country.

'Children of the Morning,' Mr. W. L. George's last novel, differs from most desert-island stories. It is an allegory of the birth of society. Seventy children, all under eight years old, are more or less wrecked on a desert island. We recall *The Swiss Family Robinson*: how resourceful they were, how they found a hundred uses for an object when we should only have discovered one. Mr. George's polyglot group of infant settlers are not like that; they start on the lowest rung of the intellectual ladder. They evolve a common telegraphese language, of which we are given some not very convincing specimens, and there their intellectual development for the moment ends. Sexually however, in accordance with the tradition of the later style of desert-island story, they are precocious. Each, as his or her temperament prompts, contributes something to the social organization of the colony: Dzon instils ideas of justice, Bloo, rudimentary military tactics, and so forth. Consequent upon the abduction of Haakon's wife, the community is convulsed by war, the result of which is to give the Tsarl, strongest and fiercest of the settlers, a generally acknowledged hegemony over the rest. Ultimately a Judith is found to account for this gross, power- and guava-inflated Holofernes; and the description of his downfall is, dramatically, the most effective thing in the book. As a story, 'Children of the Morning' is readable and at times exciting; as an allegory of the origins of Society it is not to be taken very seriously. Mr. W. L. George was credited with a more than ordinary knowledge of women; but the instances given here are not impressive. "Particularly girls became subject to [Arry], because his cruelty influenced their latent masochism. . . ." "After a few years, like any



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cat deserting her kittens, she grew tired of her little girl. . . . "Elnor, as is the way of little girls, was two inches taller and several pounds heavier than Dzon. . . . "Finally, since it was boys and not girls who took death easily. . . . These distinctions are not very illuminating or profound. The book shows signs of being hastily written, and it possibly lacked the author's final revision; it has flashes of insight; but it is obviously the work of a tired though capable man.

Again, in 'The Three Students,' we come to a romance, this time of eleventh-century Persia. The three students, Omar Khayyam, Hassan Sabbah, and Abou Ali, are concluding their studies and deciding upon their careers. They invoke the devil and make a pact with each other; a pact in the maintenance of which the Devil plays the chief part. Abou Ali becomes Nizam al Mulk and virtual ruler of Persia; Omar Khayyam, with a brief and undesired interlude of political power, devotes himself to his poetry, his astronomy and his garden and his Saki; Hassan Sabbah organizes the society of Assassins, feeds them on hasheesh and does all the harm he can. Mr. MacFall has an unquestionable gift for inventing a romantic situation and extracting the thrill and strangeness from it; at a murder, an intrigue or a moon-lit love scene he is excellent. He can give appropriateness and dignity to Last Words of which (since the majority of the characters are murdered or executed) the book is full. In dialogue and in philosophical monologue and reverie he is less happy. He makes Omar Khayyam quote himself, in and out of season; in the generous text of the book half the Rubaiyat is incorporated—with a word here and there altered to make it into prose.

Miss Adcock is also a romantic, but for her Romance begins at home, in Buckinghamshire. Her hero is of the tribe of Mr. Rochester, with a touch of Bret Harte's Rawjester: a chivalrous, passionate, determined man, concealing a generous heart under a forbidding exterior. At the cost of impoverishing himself and his farm he secretly pays for the education of Maris, a village girl of doubtful parentage; but when she returns and gives her heart and hand to his ne'er-do-weel complaining brother, he bears his disappointment with stoical fortitude. The main lines of the story are melodramatic and a little improbable. Don Quixote was a hard-hearted practical man compared with Randle Quantrill. But the villagers are admirably drawn, and Miss Adcock has been very successful in portraying the finer manifestations of character. She once calls a Harry, Ted; but apart from this error she realizes her theme in its minutest details. We may find her central situation improbable; once it is granted the story follows logically enough, secure in the intelligence and strength of its characterization.

Quevedo: the Choice Humorous and Satirical Works. Revised and edited by Charles Duff. Routledge. 12s. 6d.

MR. DUFF has rendered a great service to readers by giving us a fairly complete edition of such of Quevedo's writings as have been translated into English, and by the judicious way in which the errors of these versions have been amended. Quevedo ranks second only to Cervantes in Spanish literature; he excels alike in picaresque stories and verse and in satiric visions. His mordant satire touched all classes, and bit deep into the corruption of a Spain which was daily losing its place among the nations. The editor in his introduction gives us a biography of Quevedo sufficient for the purpose of understanding his works, and a valuable conspectus of them. The translations date mainly from the seventeenth century, the principal among them being made by Sir Roger L'Estrange and Captain John Stevens. One of the tales, 'The Spanish Sharper,' is familiar to collectors of book illustration in the edition of Viérge. Among the many important books in the series of Broadway Translations there is hardly one that we value more; it fills a gap in English libraries and even competent Hispanists will welcome the elucidations it offers to an extremely difficult author.

Letters to the Editor are this week unavoidably held over.—ED. S.R.

ACROSTICS

To allow increased space for Answers to Correspondents, the Rules for Acrostic Competition are on occasion omitted. They will, however, always appear at least once a month.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 238

BOTH BANE AND ANTIDOTE OUR PILLARS HOLD.

1. Choice should the wine be when I'm wrought in gold.
2. Cursed with a heart unknowing how to yield.
3. In heaven I have a helper and a shield.
4. Was discontented with the share assigned.
5. Fits, but the toil's superfluous, I find.
6. So small, and yet the whole wide world is in it!
7. The lists are set: e'en now the knights begin it.
8. Fine weather suits him; rain he can't abide.
9. The sea's here narrow, but the river wide.

Solution of Acrostic No. 236

G ewga W¹ "The moan of doves in immemorial
CO elms." Tennyson, 'The Princess,' vii.
A rnot O² Arnotto, or Annatto, was formerly used
T thorough-bre D to give "a rich Jersey colour" to
S tirru P milk which had been skimmed.
U rsin E³ Epergne, though it looks like a French
C yclopi C word, is not to be found in French
K noc K dictionaries.
E pergn E³ Goatsucker is an absurd misnomer.
R efrigerator R The Nightjar, or Fern Owl, lives ex-
clusively on moths and other insects,
and to save its life it could not suck a
goat.

ACROSTIC No. 236.—The winner is Mr. G. K. Malleon, 45 Sinclair Road, W.14, who has selected as his prize 'The Letters of Marie Antoinette, Fersen and Barnave,' published at The Bodley Head and reviewed in our columns on September 25. Seventeen other competitors named this book, fourteen chose 'The Exquisite Perdita,' eleven 'The Baby Grand,' etc.

ALSO CORRECT.—Baldersby, Boskeris, Carlton, Chailey, J. Chambers, M. L. Davies, Doric, East Sheen, G. M. Fowler, Reginald Hope, Jeff, John Lennie, Lilian, George W. Miller, Oakapple, F. M. Petty, St. Ives, Twyford, C. J. Warden.

ONE LIGHT WRONG.—Beechworth, A. de V. Blathwayt, Mrs. Rosa H. Boothroyd, Mrs. Ruth Carrick, Ceyx, J. R. Cripps, Dhualt, D. L., Reginald Eccles, Glamis, Reginald J. Hope, Islanders, Iago, Madge, Margaret, Quis, Rho Kappa, J. C. Morgan-Brown, Peter, R. Ransom, Hon. R. G. Talbot, Trike, H. M. Vaughan, Capt. W. R. Wolseley, Yewden.

TWO LIGHTS WRONG.—Mrs. J. Butler, A. R. N. Cowper-Coles, Estela, Eyelet, Shorwell, Stanfield, T. D. Tremlett, Tyro. All others more.

ACROSTIC No. 235.—One Light Wrong: Charles G. Box. Two Wrong: Armadale.

CYRIL E. FORD.—The small mammals which the Ocelot climbs after would scarcely be mice, which is what I meant by "the little rodent race." It cannot be too widely known that the Owl is a great devourer of mice.

MAUD CROWTHER.—I take it that the shadow of the mountains appeared like a body of troops, not that the individual warriors looked mountain-high. (The gloss in the margin of the Geneva Bible is "Thou art afraid of a shadow.")



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THE question of dazzling headlights is brought into greater prominence again as evenings grow darker and night hours longer. In the United Kingdom a partial solution of the problem has been achieved by those who have fitted a mechanism that allows the driver to dip or incline towards the road the rays of the headlights. Unfortunately, this system is not universal, so that no protection from the glare and dazzle of on-coming motor vehicles' lights is afforded to those who dip their own lights. Perhaps the long-awaited Lights on Vehicles Bill will be discussed some day in Parliament and regulations made that will abate the danger. Meanwhile, it is interesting to note the action taken in other countries.

* *

Recently the Legislature of the State of Washington laid down a uniform lighting scheme for motor vehicles, to eliminate glaring or dazzling headlights. Adjusting stations will be established and it will be unlawful to sell any headlight lens, reflector, or headlight control device unless it is of an approved type. A description of the approved form, however, has not yet reached this country, but it can be assumed that some system of cutting off the dazzling upper rays of light of motor lamps has been decided on. In France regulations exist which do not permit motorists to use headlights in towns and cities, where they must rest content with the side-lamp illumination. Also on meeting cars on the open country roads, headlights must be extinguished and cars must have passed each other before switching these lamps on again. But

French cars are fitted with another single lamp, besides the usual two headlights and two side-lamps, fitted on the near side, which throws its rays down on the ground some forty yards ahead of the car, illuminating the near kerbside of the road and any object in that path, yet not shining into the eyes of oncoming drivers. In the United Kingdom this type of spot lamp is illegal.

* *

A fortnight ago a doctor, whose car was fitted with a spot light for the purpose of aiding him in visiting his patients at night, was seen by a policeman near Burslem to flash it on to a signpost. A summons followed for carrying a lamp so fitted as to be capable of being used as a searchlight. Fortunately the stipendiary magistrate before whom the case appeared appreciated the foolishness of the position, and merely ordered the doctor to pay the cost of the summons, namely, four shillings. It is a somewhat ludicrous position that a motorist may not carry a lamp that adds to the safety of his driving if it is capable of being turned in any direction as a swivel light. Thousands of motorists carry these spot lights for their own safety and for the protection of others. Yet if any over-zealous police-constable chooses to give information that he saw this light being moved from any fixed position, the motorist will be summoned, and must at least pay the cost of proceedings, as the law now exists.

* *

Ministers are praising the motor industry for leading the world in the matter of producing motor-cycles and pedal-cycles, and for the increase in the export of these goods and motor vehicles. The annual motor exhibition will soon be in full swing at Olympia—the private view is to be held on October 21.



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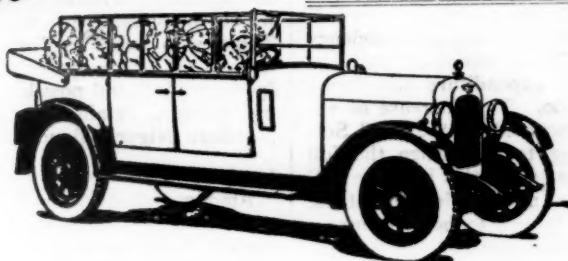
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CITY NOTES

Lombard Street, Thursday

THE scheme for the conversion of treasury bonds maturing next February has been well received in the City. When Mr. Churchill's appointment as Chancellor of the Exchequer was originally announced many feared that he might be tempted to indulge in sensational methods of handling the vast question of national debt. Their fears are certainly groundless. The most academic of financial purists can have no cause for complaint of the methods that have been employed. In the present instance, while for the next two years the new bonds will show no saving, if retained for their full span, till 1934, the cost to the Treasury will be reduced by $\frac{1}{2}\%$. Mr. Churchill has wisely realized that this is not the moment for a comprehensive conversion scheme, and he is to be congratulated on having devised a method which, while settling the question temporarily, in no way impairs the possibility of placing British credit on a lower basis than that existing at present when the opportune moment arrives. Mr. Churchill has been unfortunate in the period in which he has held office. Last year he had to find some £18,000,000 for the coal subsidy, and now he is faced with the serious problem of making his next budget balance in view of the general strike and the coal strike.

The seriousness of this problem is shown by the revenue figures for the first half of the financial year, published last week. They show a big deficit; the amount of £61,724,010, which compares with a deficiency of £35,972,025 a year ago, a deficiency of £11,000,000 odd in 1924 and a surplus of nearly £3,000,000 in 1923. It is not merely difficult but unsatisfactory to draw inferences from the accounts for the first half of the year. It is particularly so on the present occasion, as it is hard to give a correct estimate of conditions after the termination of the coal strike which now appears in sight. In analysing the figures published, income tax shows a shrinkage of over £15,000,000 and super-tax of over £6,500,000, but as the amount of tax to be paid this year has already been assessed, it is possible that the bulk of this deficiency will be recovered in the last quarter, which is normally the period when the bulk of the tax is collected. There is, of course, a possibility that owing to the coal strike it will be found impossible to collect the assessed amounts and this possibility must give the Chancellor grave uneasiness. Last year the coal subsidy was found by raiding the Sinking Fund, and at this early stage I think that the Chancellor will be thoroughly justified in making up such deficiency as may exist this year in a similar manner.

It must be pointed out that expenditure has shown an increase of over £4,000,000. This increase of expenditure has been entirely incurred by the Civil Services. It will be interesting to see, when the full year's figures are published, whether this increase will be eliminated, a possibility not unlikely in view of the drastic economies which are known to be in progress in this branch of the Government service.

SAVING CERTIFICATES

During the past half-year the repayment of National Savings Certificates has amounted to £15,850,000, which is £1,500,000 in excess of the sales of certificates for the same period. During the corresponding period last year, the sales of certi-

cates exceeded the repayments by £2,700,000. It is probable that the coal strike is partly responsible.

NEW SOUTH WALES

As anticipated last week the New South Wales loan was a complete failure, underwriters having to take no less than 84%. I have frequently drawn attention to the unsatisfactory manner in which these Colonial issues are made. I am not concerned for the underwriters; the remedy lies in their own hands; but it must be injurious to the relations between this country and the Colonies for their loans to receive what amounts to hostile reception. It would not be a difficult matter for Colonial loans to be made popular and successful. New South Wales, after leaving the lists of its loan open for several days, can only muster a few subscriptions, while the State of Hamburg has its issue over-applied for ten times with the lists closed five minutes after they have opened. For the good of the Empire I think that those great finance houses responsible for foreign issues should be asked to draw up the next Colonial prospectus and arrange for the issue.

GELDENHUIS DEEP

My attention has been drawn to the £1 shares of Geldenhuis Deep, Ltd. Owing to the great reduction in working costs a considerable quantity of ore formerly reckoned as unpayable will now automatically rank for inclusion in the payable ore reserves. These £1 shares can now be purchased at 7s. 9d., at which price they appear a promising mining speculation.

JOHN BOLDING

Dealings started last week in the 10s. ordinary shares of John Bolding and Sons, Ltd., manufacturers of sanitary appliances. In view of the fact that the capital of this Company has been recently increased, it is difficult to gauge with any exactness the dividend that these shares will receive. It seems probable, however, that the distribution should be approximately 17½%. As these 10s. ordinary shares can be purchased at 16s. 9d., they appear a promising industrial investment.

TIN

The violent fluctuations in the price of tin has monopolized attention on the metal exchange the last few weeks. Last week, after dipping to £305 per ton, it recovered sharply, and has this week touched the highest price since 1920. As has been frequently pointed out, the price of tin shares fluctuates with the movements of the metal. The fall last week caused considerable nervousness among holders of tin shares, which the subsequent rally has not entirely dispelled. Those who, while realizing the speculative nature of tin shares, are prepared to accept the risk in return for high yield and possible capital appreciation can, in my opinion, retain Tin Selection Trust shares and Northern Nigeria Bauchi Pref.

LEWIS PREFERENCE

Among recent issues I would call attention to the £1 6% preference shares of Lewis, Ltd., the well-known North of England drapers, storekeepers and outfitters. I hear extremely good reports of the progress of this company. The prospectus dealing with this issue quoted figures which show they are adequately protected, and, in my opinion, they are an attractive preference share to hold as a permanent investment, particularly if procurable, as at present, at a few pence discount.

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THE OCTOBER MAGAZINES

The *Fortnightly* for October publishes an essay on 'God's Rich Man: St. Francis of Assisi,' by Miss May Bateman, interpreting him from the strictly Roman Catholic point of view. Mr. Corbett Smith is lyric on the inspiration of our sea-story, and Mr. Corbett observes that "the sand-glass of the political barometer is falling low." Mr. Fox uses Maxim Gorky as a study of the difference between English and Russian temperaments and Mr. Richard Aldington tells freshly the old story of 'Voltaire and Frederick the Great.' Mr. Morell recounts the life of Talma, the great actor, and tells of his friendship with Napoleon, and M. Cammaerts contributes two charming French poems. The political articles deal with Geneva and Tangier.

The *London Mercury* in its Editorial Notes pleads for the removal of the army sheds which disfigure Stonehenge. The Modern Portrait this month is of Fr. Ronald Knox. Twelve pages of verse contain some noteworthy lines by Mr. Thornely, Mrs. Lynd, Mr. W. J. Turner and others. Prof. Campbell professes to find the model of a story in the first tale of Maspero's 'Popular Stories of Ancient Egypt'; at any rate he uses it to beat the modern novelist with; Mr. W. B. Yeats in 'Estrangements' gives us some reminiscences of his thoughts. Mr. G. R. Hamilton in 'Wit and Beauty' studies metaphysical poetry, Donne and Crashaw, to Francis Thompson and Mr. Yeats; while Mr. Twichett writes at nearly equal length on 'The Poetry of Edmund Blunden' with some fine quotations. Mr. Hermann Bahr's letter from Germany tells of the crisis of over-production in literature rather amusingly. The 'Chronicles' that strike the reader most this month are those of Mr. Shanks, Mr. Freeman, Mr. Aldington and Prof. Weekley.

The *National Review* in its 'Episodes of the Month' reviews the results of our statesmanship in pushing France towards alliance with Germany. The American debt, Italy, Canada and sport are other subjects treated. Mr. Maxse writes on 'Germany at Geneva,' a Tory Democrat grouses, and Gen. Ellison discusses 'Higher Control in War.' Miss Biddulph writes amusingly on 'The Elder Sister in Literature,' who does not seem to have received much appreciation. Miss Pitt tells of bird life in a Norwegian forest, and Gen. Burton of man-eating tigers in India. Mrs. Godfree discusses 'Amateurism and Professionalism in Lawn Tennis,' and does not see any future for professionalism. Col. Fuller explains his view of 'The English Spirit,' Capt. Russell describes 'The Gallipoli Campaign' from personal reminiscences and there are other important papers.

Blackwood opens with a study of the campaigns of Scipio, whom Capt. Hart puts as 'A Greater than Napoleon' in resource and invention. 'Alice, O.B.E.' is the story of a heroic woman-spy in Belgium. As usual there are some excellent tales and sketches from all over the Empire, and Mr. Charles Whibley tells the story of 'Gulliver's Travels' and their instant popularity in England and France. 'Musings without Method' deal with Trade Unions.

Cornhill has two important articles this month in 'Samuel Johnson, Undergraduate,' by Justice MacKinnon and 'A Sheaf of Letters from Jane Welsh Carlyle,' by Leonard Huxley: Mr. MacKinnon may be assured that Macrobius is still read, not for his style, but for his interesting matter. There are in addition some good short stories and a narrative of 'The Two Sieges of Bhurtpur.'

The *English Review* has papers on 'The Policy of the Coal-owners,' by Mr. Austin Hopkinson, on the Privy Council as a Court of Appeal, by Mr. H. Bentwich, on Queen Christina of Sweden, by Miss M. D. Steuart, on 'Broadcasting' from the educated listeners' point of view, by Col. Marsh, and on 'American Magazines in Canada,' by Mr. C. W. Stokes. Two stories, two copies of verse, and some reviews are other features.

The *Empire Review* publishes a paper by Dr. M. R. James on a find in Hereford Chapter Library. It is part of an office and contains fragments of an apocryphal gospel not hitherto known, which he believes to be part of the Gospel of Peter. The fragment describes the Epiphany. The first article is on the future of the Bolsheviks in Russia. Mr. T. Martyn describes the fate of the Communistic settlement in Paraguay, where human nature was too strong for theory. Two short stories and papers on Fascism, Australia, Nigeria are also features this month. The subject of the Medical Notes is 'Noise.'

Chambers's Journal in addition to stories by Dick Donovan and Allan Sullivan has papers on 'The Seven Churches of Asia,' 'How I heard Charles Dickens read,' and 'The Pleasantness of American Life.'

The *World To-day* gives a very interesting and fully illustrated account of Mecca during the Pilgrimage, by Sirdar Ikbal Ali Shah. Mr. Robertson Scott tells of the Scottish farm worker, 'The Best Paid Man on the Land!' Mr. Roberts describes 'Nassau: Pirates to Rum Runners,' and there are three papers on the Imperial Conference.

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